Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXI No. 15

APRIL 10, 1948

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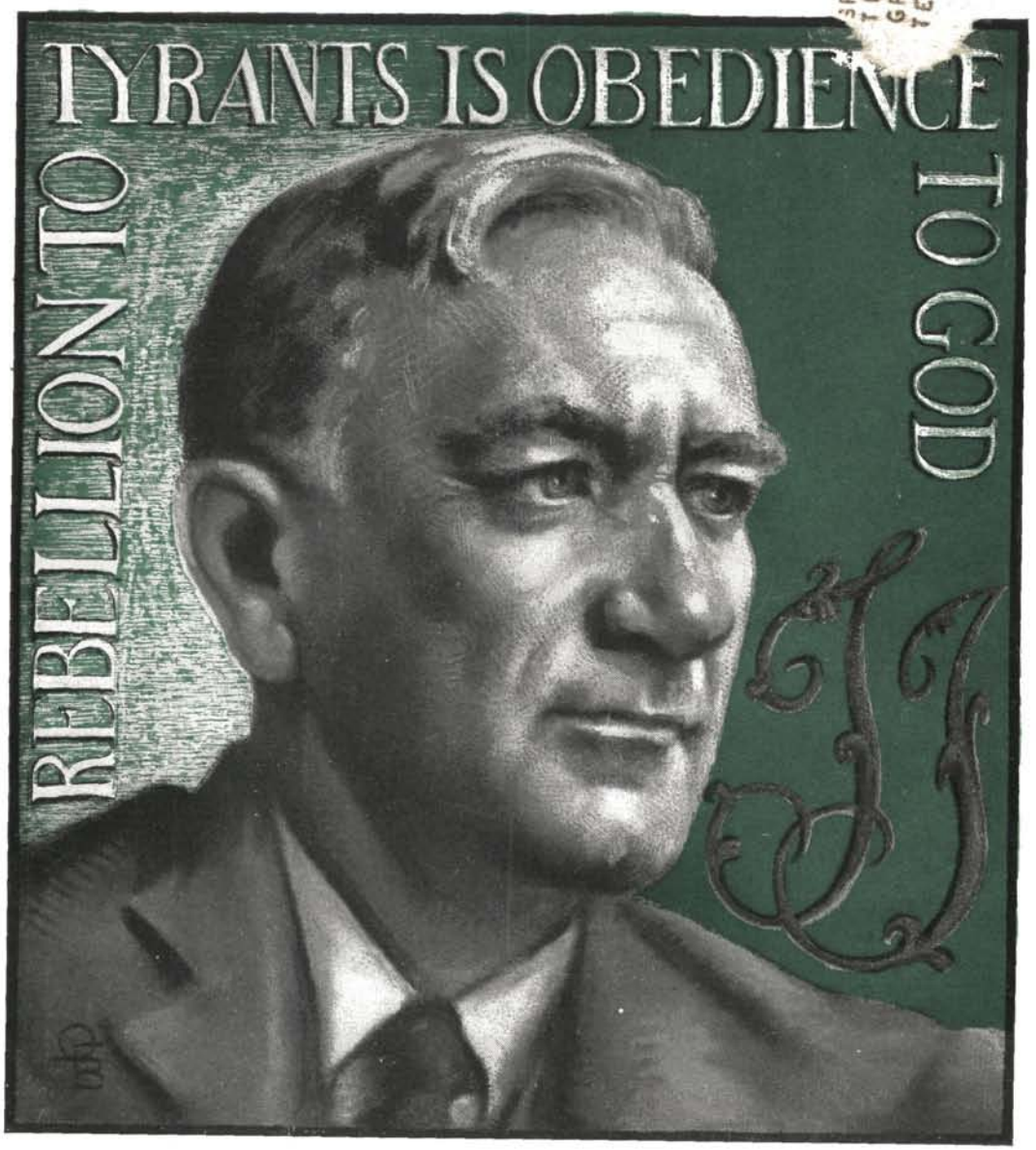

Dumas Malone, author of "Jefferson the Virginian." (See page 9)

Can Metaphysics Save the World?

By DIXON WECTER

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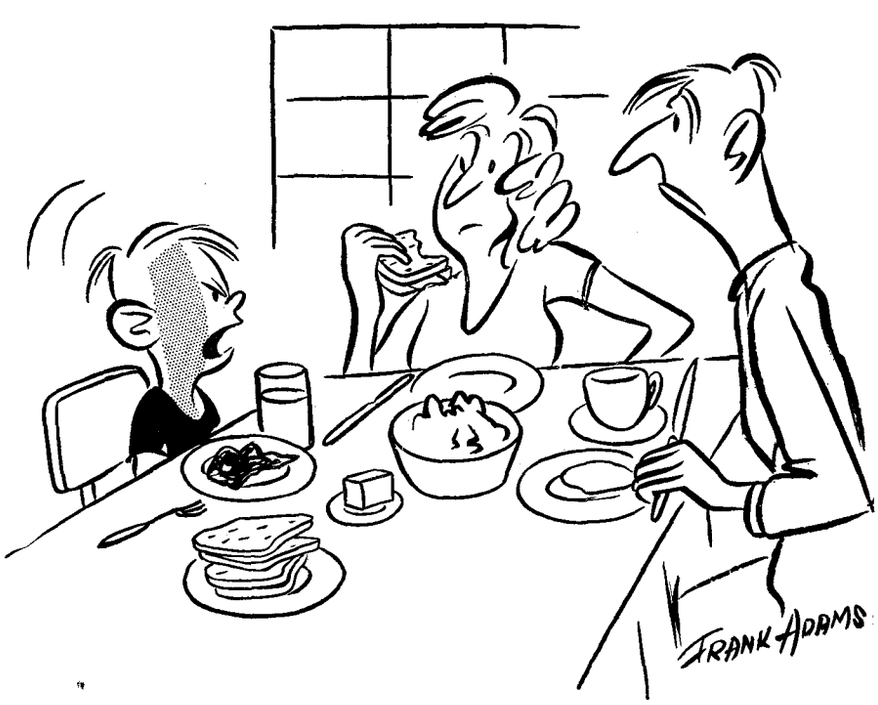
TRADE Winds

THE BOOKSHOPS of New Orleans are cluttered with countless histories and guides to the Crescent City, but the one that stands out a mile above all others, and is calculated to double a visitor's pleasure in locating old landmarks, is the late Lyle Saxon's "Fabulous New Orleans." It recently was published in a revised edition by Robert Crager, with superb illustrations by E. H. Suydam.

Of the famous Louisiana Purchase and the raising of the American flag on the Cabildo, Saxon notes wryly, "Old-style American histories have a way of conveying the idea that any province acquired by the United States must, necessarily, be overjoyed with such a consummation. As a matter of fact, the day of the transfer of Louisiana to the United States was a day of mourning in New Orleans." The city was a century old by this time and the Creoles, proud descendants of aristocratic French and Spanish families, regarded the word "American" as synonymous with "barbarian." They even looked down their noses at their countrymen, the Cajuns, or Acadians, who had migrated from Nova Scotia to make their permanent home in the bayou country west of the city. To this day, Cajuns are uneasy in the presence of Creole neighbors; they cheerfully call themselves Cajuns, but resent the word on the lips of strangers, interpreting it as another way of saying "country cousins" or "hillbillies.". . . Differences between Creoles and Americans were forgotten when General Jackson rallied the youths of both factions to meet the English in the battle of New Orleans in 1815. His outnumbered forces swept the day—a victory as brilliant as it was unnecessary; Great Britain had already capitulated, but the news was late reaching the Deep South. . . . The booming river commerce of the next forty years made the city of New Orleans one of the most prosperous and colorful in the world. . . .

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, the word "Dixie" stems from the issuance of a Louisiana ten-dollar banknote, a "dix," issued by the old Citizens Bank on Royal Street. Ten-dollar bills circulated freely in those lush days and awed visitors referred to the town as the "land of dixies." . . . Another house in the French Quarter supposedly was built for Napoleon. A band of gallant Creoles planned to rescue him from St. Helena and bring him to New Orleans in triumph. Unfortunately for them—and Napoleon—they talked too much in advance! . . . Devout citizens have their favorite saints, and frequently take classified ads in the newspapers to thank them for services rendered. The fashion in saints seems to change from year to year. Lyle Saxon tells of the time Saint Rita was getting more thanks than all the other saints combined. In a store that specialized in religious articles, he asked the proprietress, "Do you sell many statues of Saint Rait?" "By the dozen," she replied, "and it makes me sick and tired. Last year everybody wanted Saint Raymond. I couldn't get enough statues of that saint. All of a sudden, they stopped buying him. So here I am, stuck with fifty statues of Saint Raymond!" Another customer suggested, "If I were you, I'd pray to Saint Rita to help you sell them!" . . .



"I don't like milk and spinach—why can't I have rickets like other kids?"

THE OLD QUARTER of New Orleans—where the iron balconies still abound, though artists and writers are being crowded out by fashionable antique shops—is dominated by the Cathedral. It was built in 1795 by Don Almonaster, and faces Jackson Square. Hard by is the hall where the orgiastic Quadroon Balls sent gales of scandal through the city every Saturday night. On either side are two red-brick apartment houses—the first in the United States—built in the 1840's by Don Almonaster's daughter, the Baroness Pontalba. . . .

LEGEND HAS IT THAT the original tenant in one of the Pontalba apartments was a lady of great beauty but questionable virtue who had more money and wielded greater influence than any half-dozen of the society leaders who snubbed her. When Andrew Jackson, now President, returned in triumph to New Orleans, this lady invited him to dinner, but, prompted by his advisers, he did not even bother to answer her invitation. The lady fumed—and bided her time. Some years later a project was formulated to beautify Jackson Square, and erect a statue of the President in the center. The model selected showed Jackson on horseback, hat in hand. Public subscriptions were lagging until the lady made a proposition: if the statue was placed facing her apartment, she would make up the entire deficit. The committee agreed, and so, for the balance of her life, the lady who had been ignored by Andrew Jackson in the flesh had the supreme satisfaction, every time she looked out of her window, of seeing his statue looking straight at her and doffing his hat. . . .

NOT MANY YEARS ago, a tour through the bayou country involved countless detours on muddy roads and obsolete ferries; even trains from the west crossed the Mississippi on barges. One thing Huey Long did leave behind him was a modern road system with fine new bridges. The simple country folk blessed him for that and didn't inquire into the costs. Of the half-million souls who inhabit the bayou country, fishing and raising sugar and rice, it is estimated that three-fourths have never

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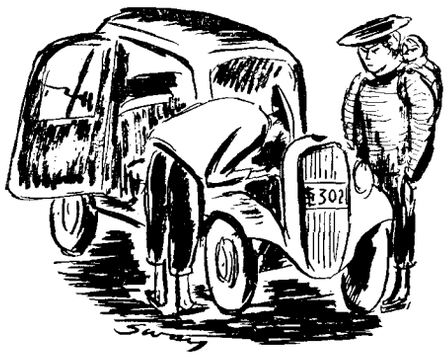

traveled as far as New Orleans. Their native tongue is French, and even the best families speak with a distinct accent. One Cajun fisherman boasted to a reporter from Look magazine, "I am a true man, me. I got credit at Fisher's store. I got a share in my boat, and I make fourteen children for my wife." John Gunther discovered one family whose four children were named Carm, Carmel, Carmelite, and Carmedal; another quartette answered to Antour, Detour, Contour, and Passantour. . . . The Cajun stories I had expected to enjoy were diluted, unfortunately, by humor of the radio, and although the characters were now named Fine and Telesphore, their adventures had heavy overtones of Jack Benny and Pullman smoking rooms. No damyankees had spoiled, however, their absinthe frappes or crawfish bisque. . . .

AT THE ACADIA PLANTATION in Thibodaux, Mrs. F. C. Keyes and I heard about the Cajun family whose land lay in the very middle of a newly discovered, fabulously rich oil field. Agents from all the big refineries descended upon the scene, but the family didn't want to sell. "You don't have to sell," expostulated the most important representative. "All we want is a lease. One out of every ten barrels we bring in will go to you. Think of it! If we get a hundred thousand barrels of oil, ten thousand are yours!" The family went into a short huddle, but the answer was no. "What we goin' to do with ten thousand barrels oil?" demanded their spokesman. "We ain't even got place to put them!". . . In the colorful Sans Souci Book Store in Lafayette Fred Nehrbass told us of the Cajun horse-trading wizard who gave a prospective customer a big build-up on a nag he wanted to sell, and concluded, "That horse is not only the most beautiful and fastest in the whole parish, but he is one great actor as well. When you go down to paddock to see, watch old devil act like he's gone lame!" . . .

FOR MY TRIP TO NATCHEZ, by way of Baton Rouge and the huge Standard Oil refinery there, I am indebted to Tess Crager and Alice Graham. In Natchez, I was taken in hand by dynamic Mrs. Balfour Miller and Mrs. Ferriday Byrnes, and whisked about the famous old houses in a whirlwind tour. Harnett Kane tells the whole story of Natchez in his book: how, in the 1840's, its population included seven of the seventeen millionaires then extant in the entire country; how it was ruined by the Civil War and the coming of the railroads; how its fine homes and plantations fell into pitiful decay; how Mrs. Miller and her cohorts brought prosperity back by capitalizing on its picturesque past, and organizing annual pilgrimages that attract constantly increasing throngs of tourists. To cap the climax, oil was discovered nearby, and some of those fine old families will soon be infinitely richer than they were in their heyday. What a motion picture could be fashioned from these ingredients! . . . The unseasonable weather threatened this year's pilgrimage with disaster. Instead of camellias in full bloom, I found ice on the ground, and the unexpected sight of kids pitching snowballs in the schoolyard. One old Negro, inadequately clothed, stood shivering in front of the Eola Hotel, his collar turned up, and his face the picture of woe. "Oh,wind," we heard him mutter, "where was you last August?" . . .

PEOPLE DO WONDERFUL things for you in the South. Miss Bess Vaughan, chief librarian of Shreveport, Miss Barbara Hall, and Dr. Frank Lemoine drove a hundred and ninety miles to Natchez to fetch me when I discovered there was no other way for me to keep a speaking engagement in Shreveport. We drove past Winnfield, birthplace of Huey Long, stopping for an appropriate gesture, and the mammoth Barksdale Army air base, which will soon be a beehive of activity again . . . Oil, lumber, and cotton have made Shreveport one of the richest cities in the country. Henry Meyer, at the J B Book Store, Mrs. Forston at the Baptist Book Shop, Florence Weil at the Book Mart, and Van Hutches at the Book Nook are the leading booksellers. "Anything I can do for you in New York?" I asked Meyer. "Yes," he said. "Persuade Kitty Carlisle to come back here where she belongs."...

Dominating the Shreveport literary scene is Bess Vaughan, who dwarfs Angella Gunn of Authors' War Bond Drive fame when it comes to putting visiting firemen through the hoops. I went from Shreveport direct to Hollywood, where I met a lot of glamorous ladies. Not one of them, however, had a single thing on Bess Vaughan, and I want her to know it.

BENNETT CERF.

A novel of that forgotten summer 16 years ago . . . . and of the sorriest victory our army has ever won

This is about a little band of men and women—and especially about one man, his wife and his child—who found as people are finding now that political promises don't buy bread.

It's the story of how they marched peacefully on Washington to dramatize their plight to Congress, and how, when they were thoroughly defeated and discouraged, a beribboned General named MacArthur led his troops against them with guns and tanks.

There's a lot we'd like to tell you about this very moving human story. We print instead part of what Merle Miller, author of *That Winter,* says of it:

"You have a magnificent novel on your hands. John Weaver is a great writer. At times while reading it, I was reminded of *The Grapes of* Wrath. . . . This is not to say that Weaver is any way imitative of Steinbeck; he's a completely individual artist. He is like Steinbeck only in his love for people, his demand for decency, his monumental anger with the world of things as they are. . . .

"I hope a great many people will read it; I know they will like it."

ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY

A novel by

JOHN D. WEAVER

VIKING *At All Booksellers* $2.75

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For five days no one knew that it had happened . . .

NO RAIN had fallen for months. Then a tree had been struck by lightning. Judith had seen it . . . Judith, the pretty Lookout on Cerro Gordo overlooking the Ponderosa National Forest, who had taken this lonely and dangerous job for the summer because of an unhappy love affair. She searched anxiously for signs of smoke or trouble, saw nothing.

But somewhere in the trackless center of that wilderness a spark had ignited the underbrush. It smoldered weakly for five days, spread out slowly until it reached some pine cones and dry brush, then suddenly it burst into flame. The six men Ranger Bart sent out could have held it easily, if they had only remembered that an evening breeze often changes the direction of a fire. But now it would take twenty men, and they were three hours from the fire . . .

The men were brought in—by plane and truck and tractor—but Bart, now the fire chief, loved the forest and set his fire lines too close, and then the crazy cat-skinner broke his tractor on a blind cliff. Now it needed five hundred men to guard the line . . .

The men came . . . skilled foresters, paratroopers, casual laborers from the city, profane lumbermen, drunks . . . and with them came confusion and panic in the face of the red wildcat, a howling, treacherous wall of flame . . .

FIRE is the blazing story of *Spitcat*, a forest fire, and of the eleven days during which it was born, almost died, and raged across a green and gracious Sierra forest to leave only black desolation and a terrible silence. It is the story of a flaming disaster that took only a few days to happen but would need a hundred years to mend. It is also the intensely human story of the men and women who risked their lives and pitted their strength and strategy against this red terror of the forest.

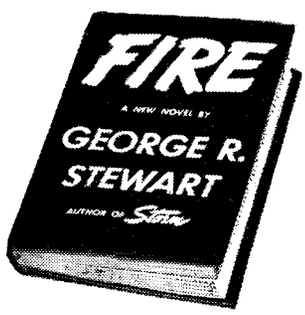
In STORM, George Stewart centered the reader's world in the middle of a tearing tornado . . . in FIRE he conjures up a monster more merciless than the tornado, more terrible than the tidal wave. It is a book infinitely rich in varied experience. *Humor* . . . the laughter of men who live close to the earth. *Beauty* . . . the majesty of the giant trees, the tiny perfection of a colony of ants. *Excitement* . . . the awe that a great fire kindles in man, the thrill of a battle against an almost overwhelming force. George Stewart writes of these things in a way that pulls the reader from his chair and sets him down in the Ponderosa Forest to hear the distant hissing and crackling of the *Spitcat* as the fire comes nearer and nearer . . .

FIRE is a book of great power and many meanings. Thoughtful readers will see in it much more than a magnificent story of the roaring life and stubborn death of the *Spitcat*. *336 pages, with decorative end papers, $3.00*

THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF Storm

Fire

By GEORGE R. STEWART



What advance critics say:

JOHN P. MARQUAND: A tale reminiscent of Conrad's *Typhoon*, a struggle of man against nature so close to universal experience that it will have its own meaning for everyone who reads it."

DOROTHY CANFIELD: "The audience for this rushing, sweeping depiction of a great forest fire is ready-made. All readers of his earlier *Storm* will want this book. In *Storm* he showed us meteorological facts as the epic background of man's life. In the new story, flames tower up back of the small human figures we see racing to and fro, trying to control an explosion of nature."

CLIFTON FADIMAN: "As a completely exhaustive narrative of the birth, life, struggles and death of a great forest fire, it seems to me enthralling."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Can Metaphysics Save the World?

DIXON WECTER

Dixon Wecter

IN 1929—a year famous for speculative plunging—the University of Chicago invested in a new president, and by steadily yielding authority gave the institution's future into his hands. The wisdom of their act is still debatable. Some circles hail Robert M. Hutchins as the best hope of higher learning in America, the only university head with equal parts of wisdom, imagination, and courage. Others regard him as a brilliant, stimulating, but unstable character, who, whether in revolt against his training in "functional" jurisprudence at Yale, or inspired by the Gothic architecture of the Midway, the visit of Jacques Maritain from Toronto's Institute of Medieval Studies, or simply the need of a bright young executive for a theme-song, has converted the intellectual style of the campus to the medieval, while also making drastic changes in the college structure. Still others—including many of Chancellor Hutchins's original staff, who have left from academic card-stacking, politicking, or sheer uncongeniality—take a more bitter view, convinced that America's first- or second-ranking university has declined into the bush league in fields like English studies, ancient and modern languages and literatures. They lament the case of an institution which finds itself stuck with a boy prodigy for life, during those years when precocity wanes into arrested development.

The truth, as often happens, lies somewhere between extremes. Mr. Hutchins, disciple of the Angelic Doctor, serves best as the Devil's advocate in American higher education. Even though he seldom has the right answer, he is adept at asking the right questions. Provocative, impatient with truisms, he often displays a salutary rudeness. He is an irritant, never a sedative. A couple of years ago the late Donald Tresidder, physician and president of Stanford, observed at an educational council where his Chicago colleague was present, that he had "long been interested in Robert Hutchins—from a *medical* point of view." With the more conventional interest of a school man I have absorbed most of what Mr. Hutchins has said and written for the public, although I never met him or plumbed the famous charm. As for his university, my contacts have been few but pleasant, such as lecturing on the Walgreen Foundation—whose creation, incidentally, was one of Mr. Hutchins's shrewdest triumphs, after he had converted a sharp critic of the university into a liberal patron, with gain to the lcoal budget but more signally to the cause of free speech.

While speaking personally, let me add that the worldwide influence of Mr. Hutchins's opinions never struck home more forcibly than in 1945, when I happened to spend a few days in Tasmania—that remote Van Diemen's Land of the old geographies—and there discovered an ardent disciple of "No Friendly Voice" and "The Higher Learning" in the young chancellor of the struggling university there. (Sir John Morris is also chief justice and lieutenant governor of the island.) His yearning to create in that pastoral spot the spiritual climate of the Midway, the medieval quadrivium, and a round table with all the Great Books in the middle, lingers in mind with a certain pathos. After getting back to my base in Sydney I saw a newspaper story headlined, "Polygamy O. K. for Tasmanian Intelligentsia." It reported a speech in which Sir John announced that "the university is concerned with intellect, not morals," adding vivaciously, "Even if a student had fourteen wives, the university should not be concerned about his morals." A shade puzzled at first, I soon recalled a maxim in "No Friendly Voice" that "the object of a university is intellectual, not moral," and felt sure I had tracked the disciple to his master—to whom he did incidental credit in his picturesqueness of statement. The irony, of course, is that no one has a profounder appreciation than Hutchins, with his evangelical background, of the moral bases of intellectual discipline.

ANOTHER paradox stems from the fact that while Hutchins has been exalting grammar, rhetoric, and the Great Books, and deploring modern man's immersion in science, technology, and specialization, not only have the humanities been going to seed on his campus, but concurrently the physical sciences, notably nuclear physics, have become the university's chief glory. While Chicago's best humanists of a decade ago have been lost to Harvard, Princeton, and the West Coast universities, the cream of Columbia's nuclear research staff (to mention only one recruitment) is now at Chicago. Henry Adams would have savored the irony of this situation. In pursuit of the Virgin (or at least the queen of the medieval disciplines, metaphysics), Mr. Rockefeller's university has wound up with the Dynamo, or at any rate the first plutonium pile; in quest of the Absolute, it discovered the Absolute Weapon.

Mr. Hutchins, a lifelong pacifist

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identified with the Chicago isolationists in the Second World War—because he believed that American democracy was morally not ready to fight, until it had cleaned house—has an earnest concern about the bomb, "which I am happy to say," he remarked last year, "was not solely the product of the University of Chicago." In Detroit recently before the American Council on Education he posed the transcendent question, can we survive? Within the next three to five years the race will either become suicidal maniacs or else devise an effective world government. In particular, he urged that "we enter upon a program of mass adult education such as we have never contemplated before . . . the study of the Great Books of the Western World. At the rate at which this program is now expanding, I expect to see fifteen million people in it within five years." Admitting that such a program might not avert the next war, he believed that it "may increase the chances of averting it. Nor do I deny that, if by reading the Great Books, or otherwise, the hearts of the Americans are changed, and the hearts of the Russians remain unchanged, we shall merely have the satisfaction of being blown up with changed hearts rather than unchanged ones. . . . But, if we do not avert war by this kind of education, we can at least provide ourselves, in the time that is left to us, with some suitable alternative to liquor, the movies, and —if I may say so in Detroit—running around the country in second-hand cars, and catching glimpses of the countryside between the billboards." This portion of the Hutchins prescription is basically the same as for the last fifteen years, though the skies are darker and the hour later: namely, to extricate ourselves from immersion in vocational education and its cult of materialism, and turn instead to "liberal education, philosophy, and theology, through which we might learn to guide our lives."

WITH some of Hutchins's premises no humanist can help agreeing. In years past, the chaos of the elective system gone wild in the upper levels of American education was matched on the lower by the extremes of progressive education—seeking to conceal the need for any kind of intellectual effort, and to insulate youth against every form of competition or defeat. It was a system calculated to produce squashes, and squashes were the result. We used to hear that "the basis of all learning is reaction," one of those teachers' college axioms that suggest nothing so much as white rats in a behaviorist's maze. A pervasive spirit of anti-intellectualism spread in many directions. One subtle influence came from the study of unconscious mind, that common denominator which makes the whole world kin. Its exploitation in the arts, for example, helped to belittle reason and self-discipline, and set forth the theory that men's creeds and philosophies are nothing but subjective drives in disguise. The crumbling of aesthetic form, ranging from the disintegration of the sentence to that of the symphony, reflected a certain disenchantment with reason, the structural faculty. And of course the wonders of applied science, as reported by newspaper, cinema, and radio set forth the notion that all worth-while knowl-

edge comes from test tube, microscope, and cyclotron. Beyond doubt, many a pedestrian worker in chemistry and biology has never lifted his nose above the furrow of his specialization, while social scientist and social statistician too often rely upon sheer accumulation of data—as somebody has observed—in the way that a drunk leans against a lamp-post: more for support than illumination.

It is also clear enough that, whether for good or ill, ethical standards in our society are more fluid than a generation ago. The old sanctions of religion have been weakening for increased numbers of people since a much earlier date, the trend now continuing more from apathy than the earnest skepticism of the old-line deist or Huxleyan agnostic. The Jehovah of our fathers is dead, with his thunders and his beard and his cruelty toward those who failed to agree with him—and indeed was it little wonder that man, having created God in his own image, should presently find Him unworthy of worship?

Against such anti-intellectualism, triviality, easy culture, and spiritual torpor every age raises up prophets. Today, to name only a few, in the field of education England has one such wise spokesman in Sir Richard Livingstone, while faith and morals find a witty champion in C. S. Lewis, and France has the more austere Maritain. Anyone who looks at the current best-seller lists—Toynbee in the spiritual interpretation of history, du Noüy in that of science, and inspirational popularizers like Fosdick and Liebman—will get some notion of the mass hunger for deeper certitudes. Since the day of Channing and Emerson we have had many evangels of the spirit in this country—speaking sometimes for traditionalism, oftener for individualism, but always summoning the country to self-discipline and a more heroic temper. Their objective is always good, although the road of their access is sometimes questionable, and their temptation to become sectarians occasionally ruinous.

The transcendentalism of the Midway has already built a considerable literature. Mr. Hutchins has fluently expressed his own theories; John U. Nef has often ventured away from his metiér, economic history, into the *primum mobile* of Thomistic education and the praise of "goodness, wisdom, and beauty," or that equally unexceptionable trinity of "almost flawless" thinkers, Plato, Aristotle, and Aquinas; Stringfellow Barr and Scott Buchanan, fellow architects both of the Chicago system and its Maryland microcosm at St. John's, have ably set forth their ideas in the journals; while Mortimer Adler has taught us how to read a book, how to think about war and peace, how to appraise the morality of the movies, how to become a metaphysician, and how to divorce knowledge from mere research. At all times Mr. Adler seeks to discover the unifying principle, the philosophy of knowledge, which will make these empiric dry bones live. Between the embattled lines of the authoritarians a certain fraternization grows possible. Just as Hutchins approves at least Lenin's scorn of "eclecticism," so Adler in seeking a satisfying *weltanschauung* is even ready to raise a cheer for the logical consistency of Communism, and to hail the day when Aquinas and Marx shall lie down together in the pastures of dialectic—a viewpoint which Thomas Mann brilliantly presented in "The Magic Mountain" upon the lips of Leo Naphta, the passionate Jewish Jesuit who argues that "the world-proletariat is today asserting the ideals of the *Civitas Dei*."

(Continued on Page 30)

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Americana.

A man who sets out to write a serious book on American history is undertaking a formidable task. If he is to succeed, he must bring to his work, besides literary skill, patience and fortitude sufficient to carry him through years of examining and analyzing the sources. A book like those reviewed below may have been started long before the Munich Pact, yet not reach publication until the world is debating the likelihood of a Russo-American war. If the writer has chosen for his subject some fundamental aspect of our heritage and has done his research and writing well, his work will have pertinency whenever it is completed. One of this week's books is the beginning of Dumas Malone's biography of Thomas Jefferson, which may well become the definitive life of the apostle of our democracy.

"Disciple of Enlightenment"

***JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN.** By Dumas Malone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 484 pp. $6.*

Reviewed by
THOMAS J. WERTENBAKER

NOW that the long expected first volume of Professor Malone's "Jefferson and His Time" has appeared the public will not be disappointed. "Jefferson the Virginian" is interesting, scholarly, moderate in its judgments, the product of long delving into both secondary and primary sources, sound in its interpretations.

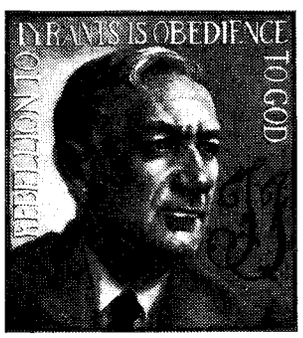
The task of organization, always difficult for the biographer, has been skilfully handled. Assuming that the reader is acquainted with the outline of American history, the author touches upon the march of events no more than is necessary to explain the part Jefferson played in them. The treatment is topical, for Jefferson's ancestry, his youth, his education, his career as a lawyer, his marriage, etc., are taken up in succession. But these topics are themselves in chronological order.

Some biographers encounter a difficult problem in the paucity and incompleteness of source material. But the student of Thomas Jefferson is embarrassed with riches—letters, reports, pamphlets, county records, state records, national records, newspapers, account books. Not only does it take years to go through Jefferson's own writings and what others wrote about him, but to separate the essential from the unessential, to portray in strong colors the major characteristics of the man. To emphasize the part he played in major events, while discarding minor matters, requires a practised hand. The author has attained success in large part by avoiding the mistake, only too common with biographers, of following the day-by-day doings of the man about whom they are writing, and so obscuring main events in a mass of detail.

The style, though not polished, is dignified and yet light enough to attract the average reader. It has none of the flippancy which has marred some American biographies and which, instead of humanizing the great men about whom they were written, has only too often produced mere caricatures. Professor Malone's writing has, also, the cardinal virtue of clarity. It is this which explains in part why the interest is sustained throughout, why the reader when he takes up the volume is reluctant to lay it down until he has reached the last page.

Dr. Malone's work is marked by saneness and moderation. At no time does he resort to exaggeration to give the impression that he has discovered hitherto unknown facts or evolved new interpretations; at no time does he distort the truth to make it fit some preconceived theory. But under his pen Jefferson comes alive. We see the outer man, large, awkward, sandy-haired, shy; we are shown the workings of his mind with its intense curiosity, its longing for new ideas; we wonder at the capacity of the youth, as well as the man, for unremitting, methodical work; we join with him in his social enjoyments, seeing not the frontier bumpkin whom some writers have depicted, but the polished gentleman; we look on as he listens to words of wisdom from his beloved teachers, William Small and George Wythe, and from his friend Francis Fauquier, the erudite and accomplished lieutenant-governor of Virginia.

Perhaps Professor Malone could not have given us so fascinating a picture of Jefferson the youth and explained so convincingly the influence of environment in shaping his character, had not he, himself, been so intimately acquainted with the Piedmont region. Surely he must have



THE AUTHOR: Dumas Malone promised himself twenty years ago—while teaching history at the University of Virginia—that some day he would chronicle Jefferson. The impetus was partly the aftermath of his doctorate on a Colonial contemporary, Thomas Cooper, but overwhelmingly his sentimentality about Virginia—while claiming everything Southern as home from his Mississippi birthplace to the Potomac. His forebears were pre-Revolutionary Americans, dominantly Scotch and English, notwithstanding French-Huguenot and Irish strains which identify him. Until 1943, when the Rockefeller Foundation and University of Virginia gave him the go-ahead, six months' concentration on his goal was all he could spare from the latter's faculty, Yale, the Dictionary of American Biography, and Harvard University Press. With the last two he spent seven years apiece, respectively as editor and director, acquiring administrative distinction and a distaste for pedantry, topic of some spirited scoldings. "I don't see why professors can't be interesting and scholarly. An editor's job is to comb an author's hair, tie his tie, and brush his clothes." Despite having godfathered two Pulitzer Prize winners and the satisfaction of seeing musical works encouraged at Harvard, it got to be "too much business. . . . Office routine is intolerable." Now, at last, with only one class at Columbia's Graduate School of Political Science, he can indulge to his heart's delight in Jefferson. It takes at least two years per volume, with three more to go. There are interim excursions to the Library of Congress, and speeches ("I love to make speeches!")—on history, literature, and the South, which "has gotten better, although all its problems call for greater patience. . . . The mind of man does not move fast." Dr. Malone has gray hair, a ruddy complexion, bantering blue-green eyes. His manner is direct and comfortable. "My greatest escapes," he says, "are music—a recent thing with me—and historical research. Just think of the opportunity of getting really acquainted with Benjamin Franklin!" —R. G.

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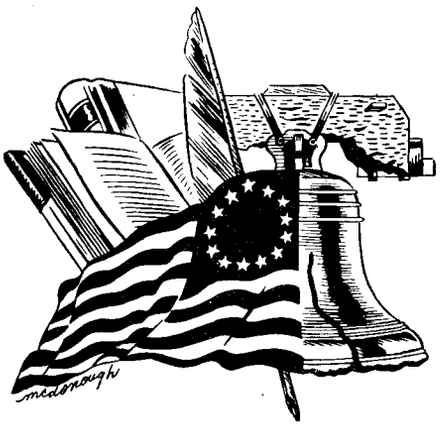
stood on Jefferson's "little mountain" when he wrote: "His eye, like his mind, sought an extended view. From this spot he could see to the eastward an expanse of forested country, rolling like the sea; and to the westward he could look across the treetops to a mountain wall of lavender and blue."

The author has profited, also, by the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg, for had not the Wren Building, the Raleigh Tavern, the Court House Green, the Palace, Bruton Parish Church reappeared in all their former beauty and charm, it would have been impossible to picture so vividly Jefferson's activities as a student at William and Mary, or as a burgess, or as war governor of Virginia.

In recounting Jefferson's part in the events leading to the Revolution, Professor Malone believes that he, like the other patriots, was concerned almost exclusively over the threat to American liberty. The Virginians had for decades governed themselves through their representatives in the House of Burgesses; they were determined not to submit when the British Government tried to undermine their assembly by taxing them without its consent. Unlike some historians, who try to interpret the Revolution in such a way as to make it accord with the theory of economic determinism, Professor Malone takes Jefferson at his word when he says "our attachment to no nation upon earth should supplant our attachment to liberty," and when he urges the people "to preserve that liberty which he [our Creator] committed to us in sacred deposit."

The author very properly emphasizes that it was at an early age that Jefferson made his declaration of intellectual independence. There is no way of knowing just when this apostle of freedom first swore hostility against every form of tyranny over



the mind of man. But when a very young man he arrived at his abiding conviction that human intelligence can unlock, not only the treasure houses of the past, but also the secrets of the universe. Jefferson was not irreligious, and in his later years he found in the teachings of Jesus "the purest system of morals ever before preached to man." But against the dominance of the clergy over men's minds or bodies, he waged unceasing war. "Disciple of Enlightenment," Professor Malone calls him.

All who are interested in American history will look forward to the appearance of the remaining volumes of "Jefferson and His Time." If "Jefferson the Democrat," "Jefferson the President," and "Jefferson the Sage" maintain the high level of merit set in "Jefferson the Virginian," the completed work will no doubt take its place among the standard American biographies.

Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, noted historian, formerly professor of American history at Princeton, is now associated with the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg. He is the author of many books on American history, including "The Puritan Oligarchy" of last year.

Above the Dream

By Mae Winkler Goodman

UPON the pale periphery of sleep,
Against the narrow boundary of the night
The mind sinks into darkness, yet will keep
A slender grasp on the receding light.
Suspended there above the dream and waking,
Between two continents, it half discerns
Beyond the rim of sleep, the dawn's thin breaking;
A backward shore to which not one returns.

No closer can we move to life and death,
Midway between the coming and the going,
Struggling above the foam, yet half beneath,
Swept in the current of the tide's long flowing.
Here, and but briefly, we may trace the arc
Of time, from dark to light, to utter dark!

A Spectacular Revolt

PONTIAC AND THE INDIAN UPRISING. By Howard H. Peckham. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 1947. 346 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IF not the greatest of Indian chieftains, the fiery Ottawa leader Pontiac at any rate organized the greatest of the red men's revolts against the whites. The seizure of full continental authority in North America by the British in 1763 seemed to place the savage tribes, hitherto courted by the warring French and English, at the mercy of the conqueror. General Amherst did not know enough about the Indians to treat them magnanimously; the British authorities did not — perhaps could not — keep in peace all the promises they had made in war. With four tribes at his back, Pontiac rose in a spasmodic attempt to regain the lost independence of action and obtain better terms for his people. He captured three of the Western forts, besieged two more, and harried the border country. Then, as the British gathered superior forces, the sieges of Detroit and Fort Pitt were raised, and Pontiac was compelled to yield. But he surrendered with honor, and became a valued ally of the crown.

This story, as told long ago in Parkman's immortal prose, has never ceased to fascinate students of border history and the Indian. But if Parkman brought to it an unmatchable pen, he lacked a complete knowledge of Pontiac's rising, and at one vital point went wholly astray. Mr. Peckham has used many manuscripts which were unavailable to his predecessor. He is thus able to give a more complete biography of Pontiac; to add much vivid new detail to the record of his bloody revolt and the means by which Gladwin, Bouquet, and other royal officers suppressed it; and dispel Parkman's mistaken idea that Pontiac headed a carefully-organized conspiracy embracing the whole West. Instead, Pontiac's attack was restricted, and the other tribes rose spontaneously. Mr. Peckham also sheds much fresh light on the trading conditions in the West, on Indian weapons and strategy, and on the psychology of the savages. His second chapter, describing the daily life of the Ottawa villages, is worthy of Parkman himself. Altogether, he has produced a book which, while pleasantly modest in style, is a permanently useful addition to the historical literature of the Indian, the Old Northwest, and the last years of British rule south of the Great Lakes.

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Early Southwest Way of Life

THE DIXIE FRONTIER. By Everett Dick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 374 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NASH SMITH

LIKE his two earlier books on the sod-house frontier and the Far West, Professor Dick's "Dixie Frontier" is a social history. It describes the life of early settlers in the vast area extending from the Appalachian Mountains to Missouri, and Arkansas, and from the Gulf of Mexico to southern Indiana and Illinois. The author believes that during the frontier period, which lasted to the eve of the Civil War, this area was sufficiently homogeneous in culture to warrant synoptic treatment. It had been settled in the main by emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, and the institution of slavery prevailed to a greater or lesser extent over all of it. In the strip of territory just north of the Ohio River slavery was, to be sure, prohibited in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 but it existed nevertheless, sometimes by virtue of a legal fiction of indentures, sometimes without even this gesture toward rationalization.

The effort to make such an important part of the American past accessible to the general reader is commendable. If Professor Dick's account sometimes seems oversimplified, it is not for lack of diligence in gathering materials. He has consulted not only contemporary narratives of travelers and reminiscences of actual settlers, but also the publications of state and local historical societies and the theses written by graduate students of history at the universities of the region. He has also ranged far and wide upon the shoreless sea of manuscript evidence preserved in state and university archives. Although he has wisely dispensed with detailed citations, his bibliography fills more than thirty pages. Few readers will be inclined to challenge his statements of fact.

The first impression left by this portrait of a frontier society is of the appalling hardships that were accepted as a matter of course. For decades after the advance into the Mississippi Valley began in the 1760's, settlers faced death or captivity at the hands of Indians; and the dirt and malnutrition and discomfort, with their accompanying diseases, lasted longer than that. Food was at first almost entirely game; later it was hog and hominy, with a scanty supplement of vegetables and fruit during the summer. Wheat flour, cane sugar, tea, and coffee were unexampled luxuries. The Southern frontiersman's principal pleasures were tobacco and corn whisky, which were consumed in quantity by almost everyone from adolescence onward. Clothing was made of deerskin or, in the second phase of pioneering, of homespun wool or flax. Men, women, and children alike went barefoot except in the severest weather, when they wore home-made moccasins or clumsy "shoe-packs." The cabins were drafty, dark, and crowded.

After the first generation of settlers, which included a sprinkling of educated men, the backwoodsmen were illiterate, or virtually so, until near the end of the frontier period. Their sports were "bloody, crude, barbarous, and cruel, such as bear-baiting, dog-fighting, gander-pulling, cockfighting, wolf and dog fights, and rough-and-tumble fights." Their religion, finding its most intense expression in the camp-meeting, tended to become a neurotic blend of ecstasy and self-torment. Although Westerners were hospitable on principle and generous to persons in distress—such as families whose houses had burned down or widows and children of men killed in Indian fights—they allowed themselves almost no expressions of warmth or tenderness, even toward members of their own families. The general tone of society seems in this presentation to have been somber and even sullen. The author does less than justice to Southwestern humor but the weight of his evidence is convincing.

Another impression left by Professor Dick's book is of the essential similarity between life on the Dixie frontier and that of the free-soil Northwest. The author himself, chary of generalizations, does not enforce the point, but the patterns of land speculation, amusement, education, administration of justice, dress, and food that are described here seem generically Western rather than specifically Southern. The distinctive Southern coloring comes mainly from slavery and the Negro. But Professor Dick assigns to slavery a relatively small place in the whole picture of the Old Southwest. And the pattern of the plantation itself was drastically modified when it was transported from the Atlantic seaboard to the interior. Except for a few great planters in especially fertile areas like the vicinity of Natchez and New Orleans, or portions of the Black Belt in Alabama, even moderately wealthy slaveowners were likely to live very much as did their poorer neighbors. The crudity of Southwestern plantation life is emphasized by the illustrations, which offer little support for the dream of white-columned splendor derived from Thomas Nelson Page or Stark Young.

So much has been written about the American West during the past half-century under the influence of Frederick Jackson Turner's Frontier Hypothesis that no future historian is likely to uncover any startlingly new facts concerning the agricultural frontier. Although Professor Dick fills in our knowledge of the way of life in the early Southwest, there is a perhaps inevitable air of familiarity about the details which he gathers. On some topics, such as the process of manufacturing salt or gunpowder, his admirable explicitness is itself a nov-

"The Hunter's Strategem," a Currier & Ives print: "Appalling hardships were accepted as a matter of course. For decades . . . settlers faced death or captivity at the hands of Indians."

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city, but his book confirms prevalent conceptions without serious modification. His method, on the other hand, owes little to Turner's imaginative quest for causes and effects or to the interest in interpretation that has distinguished the Turner school. "Dixie Frontier" uses instead the methods of the more recent school of social historians. It touches economics only lightly and politics hardly at all, but confines itself in the main to a rather passive and external description of the circumstances and rituals and properties of daily routine. This method has its advantages, although these can easily be exaggerated, but it has the defect of being unable to deal with change except as a mysterious affair lying beyond the proper sphere of the historian's concern. By a strange paradox, the method tends to eliminate the dimension of time from history. Professor Dick's book is deficient in conveying the pace and dynamism of society in the early West.

An even more serious difficulty appears if we ask what this rather grim picture of the frontier means. Here Professor Dick falls heir to a dilemma inherent in the Turner hypothesis. He believes that frontier society exhibits "the impact of savagery upon the whites" and views with approval its development out of its original crudity toward civilization and culture. Yet he also maintains a Turnerian thesis that the frontier experience was "a leavening influence that in time leavened the whole nation with democracy." These two opinions seem to spring from opposed value judgments concerning frontier society.

What are we, after all, to think of our collective past? The idea of civilization implies that the development of Western society upward from its wilderness origins has brought this country more and more fully into the main stream of Occidental culture, and that this outcome is to be welcomed. The doctrine that democracy originates on the frontier, on the other hand, derives the central values of our national experience from the disintegration or drastic transformation of civilized institutions and attitudes in the North American interior. Affirming both these propositions creates serious dilemmas. For one thing, it divorces cultural values from the basic American experience. It also makes the American achievement in democracy seem incompatible with the achievements of other peoples. There are unsolved problems here which our historians are under obligation to face. Professor Dick's lack of clarity in dealing with them is important not because it is peculiar to him but precisely because it is widespread among his colleagues.

Cradle of Texas Liberty

THE ALAMO. By John Myers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 240 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD DEAN CATER

AS THE "cradle of Texas liberty," the Alamo is a symbol of significance to the whole world. The old mission-fort, now a ruin in the midst of the city of San Antonio, is the principal monument to the birth of the Lone Star Republic in 1836. Within its walls William Barret Travis and his handful of approximately one hundred and eighty-seven men defended themselves against a siege of three to five thousand men led by Santa Anna. After thirteen days, with all hope of aid abandoned, the Texans were massacred to the last man. During the siege a special convention declared Texas independent of Mexico; a few weeks later Santa Anna was captured at San Jacinto; and soon Texas began clamoring for statehood under the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Myers, newspaperman and thrice a novelist, is correct when he states that the story of the Alamo "is one of the mightiest tales that the history of this or any other nation has to offer," and that it is "in all its ramifications, the master tale of the American frontier." Between such large considerations as these and the fact that the story "is at once familiar to everybody and not known at all," lies an amorphous body of conflicting eyewitness accounts and pure legend. At least two of the defenders were frontier heroes on the grand scale. There was James Bowie whose exploits, quite aside from the famous knife that bore his name, could not be measured by those of any of his neighbors. Davy Crockett was already thoroughly enshrouded in legend. Travis, at the time of the siege, was only twenty-seven years old and that fact alone soon put him in the same realm. The whole scene was one to promote folk tales most naturally, and for that reason chroniclers, rather than historians, have had a monopoly on the episode. No wonder Mr. Myers's efforts to discover factual details about those brief thirteen days were disappointing. Mexican sources were scant and unreliable; and the Alamo itself retained its secrets. The only trustworthy eyewitnesses were among those who were inside at the time and whose lives were spared: two women (whose accounts disagree), one Negro servant, an eight-year-old boy, two couriers, and one deserter. The list is not inspiring; nevertheless, determined to write "the first chronicle of the Alamo which seeks to present the story . . . in full," Mr. Myers abandoned the historian's apparatus and produced a book for the general reader.

The author is at pains to put the Alamo in its historical setting by beginning with the coming of the Spaniards, and their struggles with the Indians. On the whole his efforts are not successful, admirable as his purpose was, because his narrative lacks both sharpness and clarity. There are four chapters devoted to the careers of Bowie, Travis, Crockett, and Santa Anna. The chronology of each takes him into the siege itself, and the four separate biographies are not only uninterestingly detailed but the resultant picture is blurred. When, after nine chapters, the author comes to the siege itself, he develops a faster pace.

It is hoped that the casual reader can enjoy the author's persistent use of contractions and slang, and his preference for "Texian" over the more acceptable "Texan." The three maps are so poorly reproduced that portions of them defy interpretation. Since the author does not justify his version as against so-called established record on several important points, it is to be wondered if his book also does not contribute to the legend; for example, he inexplicably substitutes the name of George C. Kimball for that of Albert Martin on page 202. The au-

Ode To 3 Marys

By Margaret Stavely

TO MARY, Magdalen.
To Mary, mother of god.
To the third Mary
these words are written; these words are said.

Mary, lovely, loving.
Mary, self-effacing.
Mary, in whom the 2
are with equal blessing.

To Mary, glister of hours.
To Mary, grandeur of years.
To Mary, wracks they tended,
and handsful of stars.

Mary, gay companion.
Mary, Grand Dame of a dream.
And Mary, consort of Satan,
or clean as an angel at noon.

To Mary, fallen, forgiven.
To Mary, impervious to wrong.
To Mary, part earth and part heaven
these words are written; these words are sung.

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thor seems to be devoted to his subject, not for the purpose of extracting everything there is in it by any means, but for an affectionate display of it. He portrays his heroes as great men indeed, and after completing the final tragic act in their careers, he says with true feeling: "Results must be assessed when weighing the worth even of great gallantry."

Caucasian Slaves

COLONISTS IN BONDAGE: White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607-1776. By Abbot Emerson Smith. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 435 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

EUROPEANS of the seventeenth century, Dr. Smith points out, had at least one advantage over those of the present day; room and opportuty awaited them in the New World. But to pay the cost of their trans-Atlantic passage—never more than £6—most of them were bound for four years of virtual slavery in America, usually as farm hands. Dr. Smith estimates that more than one-half of the white people coming to the British-American colonies south of New England and a "fair proportion" of those settling in New England migrated under such conditions. They were a motley lot: English and Scottish Royalists taken prisoner by Oliver Cromwell, impoverished European farmers, and criminals of every type. Only about one in ten achieved economic independence following his term of servitude; another one in ten became an overseer or an artisan; the remaining eight either died during their bondage or became poor whites.

Dr. Smith pieced together this detailed analysis from twelve years of study of legislative and court records, diaries, and letters in Great Britain and America. He devotes much of his attention to the methods by which the highly profitable and nefarious trade in servants was conducted, to the belated efforts of the British Government to control it, and to the government's practice of disposing of its criminals and political prisoners in the New World. His account of how the chattels lived after they reached America is somewhat disappointing for its brevity and its heavy emphasis on legalistic aspects. The main outlines of this story have been known to historians for some time, but Dr. Smith's inquiry serves to illuminate them and to underscore the role of white servitude in the settlement of America.

Fiction. *Two distinguished novels are presented this week which explore ideas that rose to the surface in wartime Europe. Percy Winner's third book in one year, "The Mote and the Beam," is an extension of the theme of his first, Fascist mentality and behavior in France and Italy before and during the war. The second, "The Marble Cliffs," is a translation of the latest work of a powerful German writer, Ernst Juenger, who changed his tune after the Nazis' arrival, and was one of the principal exponents of nihilistic heroism and the glory of the battlefield. To escape the concentration camp the author has embedded his anti-Nazi opinions in an apparently innocent allegorical fantasy. Albert Idell's "The Great Blizzard" combines the charm of "Life With Father" with the excitement of the famous storm of '88. For adventure and thrills read Hammond Innes's "Gale Warning."*

Blood-Stained Pilgrimage

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM. By Percy Winner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

PERCY WINNER'S "Dario," published last year, commanded the attention of the critics for the clarity with which it dissected the Fascist mentality of Europe before the war. Few other American writers have proved to be so able to penetrate the fog of evil that blotted out the ordinary signs by which men and politics can be recognized for what they are. There followed in a few months an adventure tale, "Scene in the Ice-Blue Eyes," in which the author used his knowledge of spying and murder during the war to keep the reader in the ultimate suspense of rarely knowing exactly what was going on or who was who, and why. His most ambitious work, "The Mote and the Beam," has followed rapidly on the heels of the second. At its best it is a brilliant accomplishment; at its worst, the reader may feel that for most of the long journey he is far out at sea without compass or sextant.

Mr. Winner is obviously writing fiction for a purpose. He believes that humanity is engaged in a war between good and evil, and is seeking the emergence of the moral man and the moral ideas which he believes must bring victory. He believes that political forms and ideas mean little, since evil can assume the cloak of virtue and the devil can hide his tail and horns under priestly garments. There are qualities inherent in man that can be labeled humanity, spirituality, and morality. Today they are submerged in what Mr. Winner calls the community of corruption, the mad drive for power among the great nations of the earth. Mr. Winner has no more respect for Communism as a police state than he has for Fascism. Though traitorous rats in his book are all Fascists at heart, they could turn to Communism as a refuge with the greatest of ease. Toward the end of the novel he writes:

> France might have destroyed herself had it not been for the help of America. America was stronger than ever, but her strength wasn't beyond impairment through the corrupting influence of moral opportunism and the suicidal recklessness of trying to outplay the immoral strong at their own game.

"The Mote and the Beam" begins in 1938 when his hero, an American

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named Finn, was writing a book to be called "The Sick Soul of Europe." He flees from an indescribable orgy in the Paris house of a rich and evil Spaniard, only to discover a remorselessly sexual woman, one of the leaders of a gang of powerful Fascists. Recognizing Finn's value to them as a man of principle, the gang starts an insidious battle for his soul and body. A patriotic and aristocratic Frenchman, masquerading as a panderer to the vices of the wealthy, becomes Finn's friend and mentor. This man's philosophy is strange enough: France herself is as corrupt as any prostitute; therefore to know and to save her he must also become corrupt.

This is only one of the many psychological complications of the novel. At one time Finn had engaged in carnal sin with the daughter of a professor and had taken her to Rome. Since his sense of guilt had unmanned him, to spite him she had resorted to whoredom. By chance, Finn is present at her deathbed in a foul tenement in Rome. He becomes obsessed with the notion that he is responsible for her death.

Nor is this the limit of the novel's complexities. Dorina Alden, the frightening Fascist leader, is in love with Sebastian, the rich Spaniard who is masked as a Catholic devotee, and because of a vague resemblance she regards Finn as his alter ego. Throughout the book Finn is tortured by this identification with the saintly Spanish devil.

Toward the end of the novel the fog begins to clear. By this time war is approaching its end, and Finn has sufficiently conquered the nightmares that haunt him to allow himself to join the Resistance movement and carry on the fight against the Germans in Italy and France. He is at last able to understand himself, to see the two crosses on which he has been nailed. The need to expiate a crime committed in fantasy had made him humanly impotent; unable to face the results, self-abasement and self-punishment had led him to the brink of suicide. To escape that he found himself on the verge of repeating in fact an old murder of fantasy. He had also been faithless to himself and to his birthright. Only when he saw men and women living on the sufferings of others could he emancipate himself from his false suffering.

This, in a parody of the author's own words, is the eventual solution of the novel, or at least of the hero's part in it. It does not convey a hint of the frightful scenes, the revelations of human folly and wickedness that lead to the saving of Finn's soul. The two countries in which this drama of blood and terror takes place are portrayed as infernos of confusion and wickedness. The question the reader would like to ask of Mr. Winner is this: With all his knowledge of the background of war and defeat does he believe that Europe is now cleansed so that it can resolve its difficulties without another war? Can mankind, rent by false illusions and mental disease, save itself? "The Mote and the Beam" was not written to entertain an audience. Mr. Winner wants his readers to understand the struggle of man against the force of evil outside and inside himself, and to see the dilemma of the world as he sees it. But if we are able to follow him, what other answer can there be but resignation to a black and blood-stained future?

—*Arni.*

Man's inherent morality is submerged in what Percy Winner calls "the community of corruption among the great nations."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 251

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 251 will be found in the next issue.

FHIQFYFKJ XO WJ YFKJ;

QAIAHFYFKJ XO LVFIQAH

WLV'O YFKJ.—S. SLHTBHIFV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 250

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.

THOREAU

Piracy-Murder Yarn

GALE WARNING. By Hammond Innes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 272 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM WEBER

A SIZABLE piece of the mantle of John Buchanan has fallen on the shoulders of Hammond Innes, who made his American bow last year with the highly praised "Fire in the Snow," and whose new novel is similarly fashioned from fabric richly threaded with adventure, piracy, murder, treasure-trove, and romance.

For the principal background of "Gale Warning" Mr. Innes has chosen Maddons Rock: a barren, precipitous slab of granite in the Barents Sea south of Spitzbergen. In the boiling surf around Maddons Rock is fought the final battle between young British Army NCO Jim Vardy and bearded, Shakespeare-spouting Captain Halsey. Halsey, "a rantin', ravin' lunatic but a fine sailor," was the skipper of the freighter *Trikkala*, officially listed as mined and sunk in March 1945, but destined to make a miraculous emergence more than a year later.

Corporal Vardy was detailed to guard the cargo of the *Trikkala* when she sailed, in 1945, from Murmansk to a Scottish port, with her holds full of iron ore. She also carried a special cargo marked "Hurricane Engines for Replacement"—but far more precious than "dud aero parts." It was this special cargo that led to the cold-blooded murder of twenty-three men, to Jim Vardy's conviction and imprisonment for mutiny, to his escape from Dartmoor, and to the final race for Maddons Rock and the treasure on its storm-lashed beach. And with Vardy at the finish was the young Scottish girl who was going home to Oban on the *Trikkala* after three years in a Nazi concentration camp.

Viewed either by land or by sea "Gale Warning" (it was serialized as "Maddons Rock") is a first-class suspense-adventure yarn. Vardy's escape from Dartmoor and his adventures in England and Scotland before he embarks for Maddons Rock, are, so far as terra firma is concerned, a novel in themselves; while the seascapes of the voyage to the rock, and the happenings there, are brilliantly handled. The herculean exploits of four men and a girl on a beached steamship seem almost incredible to this complete landlubber, but Mr. Innes's publishers say that "he hunts up the material backgrounds of his stories in every case." At any rate, in a story so lavishly stocked with action, bloodshed, and well-rounded characters it may not be cricket to fuss about technicalities.

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Excape into Nihilism

ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS. By Ernst Juenger. Translated from the German by Stuart Hood. New York: New Directions. 1948. 120 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

AFTER Ernst Wiechert (whose "Forest of the Dead" was reviewed in SRL June 21, 1947), Ernst Juenger, another author who stayed in Germany all through the Hitler period, is published in an American edition.

It is not by mere chance that the names of Wiechert and Juenger appear here side by side. Both belonged to that conservative and nationalistic group of writers whose works, extolling the Germanic virtues, especially of discipline and bellicosity, had already paved the way for Nazism in the first years of the Weimar Republic. But whereas Wiechert was mainly a pathmaker for the literature of blood and soil, with an occasional tribute to war as "the great redeemer," Juenger became the outstanding representative of a school of writing that glorified war and death in a rather sophisticated way.

Juenger won early fame with his books of fiction, "In Storms of Steel," "Forest 125," and "Fire and Blood," based on his personal experiences in World War I, in which he fought as a volunteer, winning the highest Prussian decoration, *Pour le Mérite*. Describing with utter accuracy and unusual power of expression the horrors of the machine-war as they had to be faced by the ill-equipped German soldier of 1917-1918, Juenger drew the portrait of a hero fighting in a hopeless situation without asking why and what for, driven on by the idea that "war, the father of all things, is also our father, and as long as the whirling wheel of life continues to turn within us, this war will be the axis around which it turns."

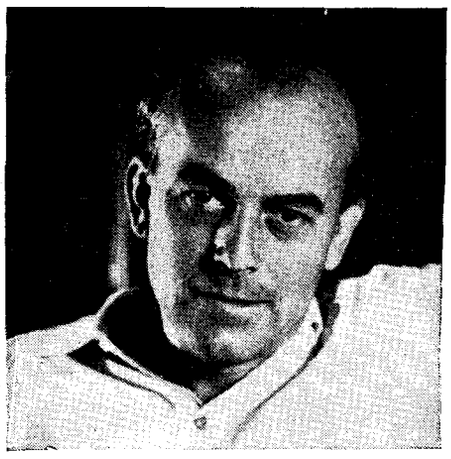
In his books of essays—"War and Warrior," "Total Mobilization," "The Worker"—Juenger amplified his doctrine of nihilistic heroism, adding to it a pattern for a new order of life and society. Josef Nadler, one of Goebbels's pet historians of literature, stated approvingly that "the philosophy of the battlefield and the metaphysics of war are the materials from which the idea of this new world is made. Warrior and workman are one —the new super race."

But when the new order in its Hitlerite form came to life, Juenger (as so many others — Stefan George, Wiechert, Salomon) was repelled by its ugliness and entirely unsophisticated barbarism. George shrouded himself in silence and finally fled the country, to die in exile. Wiechert retreated within himself, then opposed the Nazi regime in church matters, and, for so doing, went to a concentration camp. Juenger took refuge in allegoric writing and—in the army. His connections with high officers and his luck saved him twice when the Gestapo arrested members of plotting groups with whom he had had some contact. The same combination of military protection and personal luck, plus the darkness and sophistication of his style, saved his literary work in wartime, especially "On the Marble Cliffs," which was widely read and with satisfaction by the silent opposition in Germany.

"On the Marble Cliffs" is an allegory set in a fairy-tale world and time. It tells of two retired officers who devote most of their time to botanical studies in a secluded hermitage on the Marble Cliffs. From their *buen retiro* they watch the neighboring land of Marina falling prey to a sinister tyrant, the chief ranger, whose barbaric gangs undermine and terrorize the country to give their chief a pretext for intervention in the interests of quiet and order.

In "On the Marble Cliffs," Juenger distinctly deviated from his former work. There is no more glorification of war, but the prevailing note is still one of nihilism. In the end, the two main characters evade a clear showdown with the powers of barbarism, and escape instead into a romantic exile.

As example of the "art of polished darkness" which today, as under the Nazis, gives shelter to a lot of ambiguous opinions, and as material for the study of the camouflaged opposition to Nazi barbarism from an outraged esthete's point of view, the American edition of "On the Marble Cliffs" has certainments. The translation does justice to Juenger's style, which is lush and yet at the same time manages to be crisp.



"Albert E. Idell's 'The Great Blizzard' ['88] gains immeasurably in interest because of this winter's 'big snow'['48]."

Crippled City

THE GREAT BLIZZARD. By Albert E. Idell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

IT MAY seem incredible, in this long and cruel winter of '48, to long for a blizzard, but from the start of Mr. Idell's novel that desire is strong within us. After all, we are promised it, and what leads up to it in the lives of the Rogers family is pallid stuff, indeed. Far from suffering by comparison with this winter's "big snow," the book gains immeasurably in interest because of it. We can all match our memories and be grateful.

The Rogers family are new to me, though Mr. Idell has dealt with them before. They are perfectly presentable period personalities but their only color lies in being part of an era. They are, in other words, no more vivid than their background. Not one of them could ever, in the ebullient manner of the Elder Day, top his time. They are thoroughly nice people, likable and good, but it takes a really rousing storm to jolt them into development.

Mr. Idell's accurately pictured tale ambles from Brooklyn to the Rogers's New York brownstone house way uptown at Fifty-second Street. We follow the fortunes of the family from the depression of 1884 to the memorable mid-March flurry of '88. The moments are religiously etched with emphasis on emerging socialism, trade unionism, war between Russia and England, and the increasing reliance on the telephone. The Cleveland-Blaine controversy rages in press and parlor, while the presentation of the Statue of Liberty momentarily tops baseball as a topic. One able Irish girl does for entire households with an indefatigable and a willing endeavor that appears almost antediluvian. Twilight is saluted by the lamplighter and the reliable silence is only disturbed by the clatter of well-bred horses.

This tranquillity is barely touched by Mrs. Rogers's getting a sportswriting job on the *Times*, by his widowed, coquettish, predatory sister-in-law's arrival from abroad, or by his third daughter's marriage to the disapproved baseball star of "the Brooklyns." The expected amount of bickering occasionally turns to anger when priggish, breadwinning son Henry tells everyone off, or when Italian-born Mother lets fly her rather tentative temperament. Otherwise the lull looks lasting.

(Continued on Page 26)

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Big Business off Broadway

GEORGE FREEDLEY

MANY of us whose business takes us to all parts of the United States have long been conscious of a fact that most Americans are only just now recognizing—the theatre off Broadway has become Big Business. Scores of the theatrical groups now thriving outside of Manhattan Island possess auditoriums which make the Times Square playhouses in which Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, and Helen Hayes perform seem like the antiquated theatres they really are. Many of them have impressively large endowments. Virtually all of them have plans for projects of some sort, ranging from Dartmouth's over-a-million-dollar dramatic arts building to the snack bar which the Ogunquit [Me.] Playhouse is determined to build "some day."

These enterprises serve the millions of playgoers who rarely have the chance to see a road show or to visit Gotham's theatres: the vast army of students, faculty members, and townspeople in college communities from Madison, Wisconsin, to Gainesville, Florida; the business men, the club women, and the plain citizens in cities and towns from San Francisco to San Antonio; and the summer colonies from Maine to North Carolina.

The impresarios who preside over these groups may wear academic gowns, sack suits, or sports shirts and slacks, but they all must be able to gauge the tastes of their audiences just as shrewdly as Max Gordon, Cheryl Crawford, or the Theatre Guild. In most instances the directors of college groups have the most independence in choosing plays for their repertoires. If they feel that their audiences ought to see "Oedipus Rex," they give them "Oedipus Rex," even though what their public really is longing to see is "John Loves Mary." They are in a position where they can encourage new writing talent, on or off their own campus, by giving worthy scripts a tryout. On the other hand, the straw-hat producer must content himself for the most part with plays that have already won success on Broadway. The "package shows" in which a star and a cast recruited in Hollywood take over the stage for a week in a time-tested play promise the summer theatre producer certain profits, but allow him no opportunity to exercise his own abilities as an impresario. Particularly intriguing is the script to be tested for possible production on Broadway; in return for the use of his theatre and stock company, the straw-hat owner is promised a share of whatever financial gravy the play may later collect from Broadway or Hollywood versions.

The impresarios of the community theatres have possibly the hardest task of all. Their audiences are very much impressed by Broadway reputations. They would resent "Oedipus Rex" as too highbrow and they are notoriously indifferent to the untried work of new playwrights.

There are a number of organizations which serve these off-Broadway theatres, doing their best to coordinate their activities and to channel their efforts along constructive lines. Oldest of these is the National Theatre Conference, which was founded in 1925 and reorganized in 1937. The NTC is financed by the Rockefeller Foundation; its membership is made up of eighty individuals, of whom I happen to be one. It has already exerted considerable influence on the non-profit theatre throughout America, and if it is willing to broaden the scope of its activities and cooperate with other organizations whose membership is more inclusive, should become an even greater force.

An organization which apparently competes with the NTC, but actually complements its work, is the American Educational Theatre Association. This was organized in 1934 under the aegis of E. C. Mabie of the Univeristy of Iowa. Since the Second World War it has tripled its membership. The fact that top-ranking high schools and junior colleges have been welcomed to its ranks has given some persons an excuse to look down their noses at an organization which is doing some highly useful work. The National Thespian Society, under the leadership of Ernest Bavely of Cincinnati, is devoted to secondary schools.

NONE of these organizations maintains an office in New York. This makes the work of the American National Theatre and Academy all the more important. The ANTA's office, just off Times Square, efficiently operated on a tiny budget by Robert Breen, its executive secretary, is able to represent fairly the points of view of NTC, AETA, and NTS.

It is pleasant to be able to report that Columbia University, which took advantage of its proximity to the New York theatre to develop a praiseworthy scholarly program under the direction of the late Brander Matthews and George C. D. Odell, is now planning to take further advantage of its situation by building a $1,000,000 Arts Centre. This is to include a first-class theatre school literally on Broadway but operated under university aus-

Barter Theatre payoff: $46 in silver, two hams, handful of tobacco, live goose, and deed for an acre of land nearby—traditional week's salary being paid Brock Pemberton, for starring in "Harvey," by the managing director, Robert Porterfield.

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pices. Columbia's project will provide Yale University with its first serious rivalry in the East since the late George Pierce Baker established New Haven's drama department.

Look across the country, and you will see a lot of other hopeful signs of activity in the theatre off Broadway. Utah is planning, under ANTA sponsorship, to continue the professional theatre program it began last last year as part of its centennial festival, which featured Katharine Cornell, Judith Evelyn, and Orson Welles. Thanks to the enterprise of San Antonio's own Lily Cahill, that city will shortly be having a season of its own. St. Louis is once more at the head of the field with its open-air musical-comedy season. San Franciscans are working to create a theatre organization within sight of the Golden Gate. Stanford University is renewing its artist-in-residence program.

A number of interesting efforts have been made recently to coordinate the teaching and producing programs of community and university theatres. Most notably, in New Orleans Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre, after twenty-five years of independent activity, has joined forces with the drama department of Tulane University. Monroe Lipman serves as director of the joint effort, with Darrell Ross as his assistant. Ethel Crumb Brett now commutes from her chores as designer at the theatre downtown to lecture on the campus uptown. The general interchange of talent and facilities strengthens both programs.

For the past twenty-five years the Hedgerow Theatre at Moylan-Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, has operated a repertory under the direction of Jasper Deeter. The quality of the Hedgerow's production has been debated, but never the integrity of its founder or the purpose to which he is dedicated.

Last year the dynamic Margo Jones began a notably fine producing program at Dallas's Theatre '47. This year it has become Theatre '48, and assuredly will become Theatre '49, Theatre '50, and so on ad infinitum. Margo, whose ability is well recognized on Broadway for her work on "The Glass Menagerie" and "Joan of Lorraine," is maintaining a successful repertory company in her arena-style playhouse.

Another notable enterprise is Robert Porterfield's Barter Theatre, which he established at Abingdon in the Virginia mountains in 1933. Not content to rest upon the critical laurels he has won, Porterfield has obtained for his theatre financial support and official recognition from the legislature of his state. Last year he organized a touring company which played 353 performances in nine

University Theatre

Organization	Physical Plant	Investment	Inauguration	Annual Productions*
Denver University Civic Theatre	$250,000	$400,000	1929	7
Wisconsin University Theatre	1,000,000	.....	1939	..
Indiana University	1,500,000	250,000	1930	8
Northwestern University	.....	.....	1928	11
Rollins College	150,000	200,000	1932	10
Amherst College	305,000	.....	1880	6
Johns Hopkins University	.....	540,000	1921	12
Dartmouth College	.....	200,000	1924	8
University of Texas	500,000	600,000	1938	12
Stanford University	850,000	600,000	1937	14
Yale University	800,000	1,325,000	1925	6
University of Delaware	1,000,000	100,000	1930	7
Catholic University	.....	200,000	1936	8
University of Minnesota	100,000	500,000	1889	31
Syracuse University	200,000	200,000	1927	6
Mills College	136,000	250,000	1921	10
Western Reserve University	40,000	500,000	1921	6
Fordham University	200,000	55,000	1946	8
Vassar College	.....	175,000	1925	4
University of Utah	400,000	460,000	1895	22
University of Oregon	.....	.....	1912	10
College of William and Mary	108,000	191,000	1926	5
Carnegie Institute	250,000	800,000	1914	8+
University of North Carolina	.....	600,000	1918	7+
Franklin & Marshall College	100,000	.....	1898	4
University of Washington	125,000	500,000	1930	24
Smith College	.....	.....	1942	4
University of Kentucky	75,000	60,000	1928	7
Cornell University	250,000	250,000	1909	8
Baylor University Civic Theatre	75,000	95,000	1941	11+
University of California at Los Angeles	.....	270,000	1917	11
University of Maine	.....	100,000	1905	6
University of California at Berkeley	.....	.....	1880	7
Goodman Memorial Theatre	150,000	2,200,000	1925	12
University of Iowa	1,000,000	.....	1936	..

Community Theatre

Organization	Physical Plant	Investment	Inauguration	Annual Productions*
Pittsburgh Playhouse	$45,000	$500,000	1934	8
Nashville Community Theatre	43,000	30,000	1935	6
Indianapolis Civic Theatre	100,000	350,000	1914	12
Harrisburg Community Theatre	Rented	300,000	1925	5
Kansas City Resident Theatre	150,000	165,000	1933	13
Erie Playhouse	125,000	186,000	1916	16
Players' Club, Swarthmore	75,000	100,000	1911	8
Charlotte Little Theatre	38,000	170,000	1928	6
Jamestown Little Theatre	30,000	110,000	1936	9
Kendall Community Playhouse, Des Moines	65,000	201,000	1919	7
Boston Tributary Theatre	Rented	180,000	1941	21
Houston Little Theatre	150,000	238,000	1926	9
Dock Street Theatre, Charleston, S. C.	300,000	279,300	1937	10
Shreveport Little Theatre	70,000	400,000	1922	7
Vagabond Players, Baltimore	18,000+	300,000	1916	7
Tulsa Little Theatre	10,000	150,000	1922	7
Palo Alto Community Center	110,000	120,000	1931	8
Portland, Ore., Civic Theatre	100,000	328,000	1926	19
Seattle Tryout Theatre	13,000	2,100	1943	9
Seattle Repertory Playhouse	95,000	450,000	1927	10
Pasadena Playhouse	900,000	2,000,000	1917	92
Cleveland Play House	400,000	2,225,000	1916	13

Summer Theatre

Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me.	.....	.....	1895	17
Ogunquit, Me., Playhouse	50,000	.....	1927	11
St. Louis Municipal Theatre	750,000	11,000,000	1919	12
Bucks County Theatre	.....	.....	1939	15
Olney, Md., Theatre	50,000	.....	1939	15
Cape Playhouse, Dennis	75,000	1,200,000	1927	10
Cain Park Theatre, Cleveland Heights	200,000	485,000	1938	10
Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge	.....	400,000	1928	11
Ivorton, Conn., Playhouse	50,000	500,000	1930	10
Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn.	100,000	650,000	1931	11

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states. This year his troupes have covered even more territory; by May 8, when their winter season closes they will have chalked up 530 performances.

Among the managers of summer theatres who year in and year out succeed in pleasing their exacting audiences and at the same time achieve comfortable financial returns are Richard Aldrich, Theron Bamberger, the Lawrence Langers, John C. Wilson, Richard Skinner, Milton Stiefel, and Paul Beisman. Last year was the best year in the history of the cowbarn circuit, and 1948 will probably equal it.

Through lack of vision and enterprise Broadway has lost its dominant position in the American legitimate theatre. Edith Isaacs once coined the phrase "the tributary theatre" to describe the theatre off Broadway. It is no longer apt.

Beginning his career as stage designer, George Freedley has been assistant technical director and stage manager for the Theatre Guild, bit player, and, from 1938-47, curator of the New York Public Library's Theatre Collection. He is now head of the play department for A. & S. Lyons, Inc.

Poetry. *To be singular without being affected may be a virtue, as the poetry of Richard Eberhart here illustrates. This poet occasionally touches perfection in the thing he attempts to do. Along with him are reviewed three less outstanding poets, one indeed an example of mere journalism who occasionally through his warm love of humanity appealed to a large number. Thus the gamut is run from the highly individual to the poem of frank sentiment appealing to the many. It is not hard to distinguish in which the greater art resides, but there are many mansions in any literary medium, and* SRL's *general policy is to try to do justice to all.*

Ecstasy and Awareness

BURR OAKS. Poems by Richard Eberhart. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 68 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

RICHARD EBERHART is something of a maverick among American poets writing today. His first appearance on the public literary scene was in that exciting little collection, "New Signatures," which issued from the Hogarth Press of London in 1932 and first displayed the emergent talents of Auden, Spender, and Lewis. Eberhart was the only American in the group; and, in joining forces with his British fellows—they had all sat at the feet of I. A. Richards at Cambridge—the Minnesotan linked his fortunes with the poetic wave of the future. But neither in 1932, nor today, can this poet be said to fall easily into line with "the Auden generation."

He is always an individual—interested in the singular and strange, like Hopkins; in the personal vision, like Blake. His use of language is often arbitrary; and, if you demand strict scanning and regular stanzaic structure, Eberhart is not your man. But the evident strain in much of his writing stems from a real outreaching of the imagination from the infinite *within* to the infinite *without*. At the same time, he is capable of great simplicity; only an essentially simple soul (no derogation this!) would make the attempt.

In short space, it is difficult to particularize. But in the new volume (this is his fifth) there are special excellences to note, something in nearly every poem to admire. Ecstasy and awareness are never far away; but here, as every so often, is surely a complete, nearly perfect thing, "Imagining How It Would Be to Be Dead":

Imagining how it would be to be
dead,
Until my tender filaments
From mere threads air have become
And this is all my consciousness
(While like a world of rock and
stone
My body cumbersome and big
Breathes out a vivid atmosphere
Which is the touchless breach of
the air)
I lost my head, and could not hold
Either my hands together or my
heart
But was so sentient a being
I seemed to break time apart

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BEDS IN FICTION

The characters in this week's quiz are memorably associated with beds. From the brief sketches given below can you name the character, or the story, or the author? Allowing ten points for each of the ten items so identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 35.

1. Drunken and drugged, this lucky gambler was persuaded to sleep in a canopy bed, the top of which could be screwed down from the room above to smother him.
2. This unlucky sailor stopped in a Spanish inn and slept in a canopy bed, the top of which was screwed down from the room above and smothered him so that the maid servant could steal his coat buttons.
3. This bride of an English officer brought an extremely large and ornate bed from India to Canada, which she used until she was more than 100 years old.
4. One of this soldier's souvenirs of the wars was a French feather bed with two counterpanes.
5. These three little characters sailed out to sea one night in a trundle bed which was shaped like a wooden shoe.
6. This ancient Greek hotel keeper had an iron bed, and if the travelers who slept in it didn't fit it he either lopped off the excess or stretched them out.
7. Because of an irritant under her bed, this member of nobility was unable to rest even though she slept on several fine mattresses.
8. This man had a sofa which he called Crebillon, after the writer whose spirit was doomed to remain in a sofa until such time as two lovers consummated their passion upon his bosom.
9. Forced out of business by the depression, this antique dealer took his bed and set it up in Central Park.
10. This blonde adventuress invaded a strange household and tried all three of the beds therein until she found one to her liking.

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And thus became all things air can touch
Or could touch could it touch all things,
And this was an embrace most dear,
Final, complete, a flying without wings.
From being bound to one poor skull,
And that surrounded by one earth,
And the earth in one universe forced,
And that chained to some larger gear,
I was the air, I was the air,
And then I pressed on eye and cheek
The sightless hinges of eternity
That make the whole work creak.

Doggerel to Drama

POEMS FOR MEN. By Damon Runyon. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

SOLO AND OTHER POEMS. By Harold Applebaum. New York: Creative Age Press. 1947. 81 *pp.* $2.50.

GIVE ME THE STARS. By Clara Maxwell Taft. Carmel-by-the-Sea: Carmel Press. 1947. 75 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE line that separates popular balladry and formal verse making is hazy and sometimes is only determined by the dwindling audience that follows the pure stream into cool and austere reaches. Damon Runyon never made any pretense to formality as a poet but he did command a host of listeners. At best a bard of city folklore, his output varied from typewriter doggerel to a few ballads worthy of Robert Service and some lines that have the verve of Kipling. Clark Kinnaird, who edited this collection of Runyon, has included the best of Runyon's two earlier books of verse, as well as some random poems from the newspaper files. Mr. Kinnaird has made an effective grouping of Runyon poems by subject matter. In the "Songs of a Small-Town Sport," which opens the book, are two of his best ballads. "The Funeral of Madame Chase," with its sardonic, artistic hint, and "The Ballad of Queenie Mulqueen," with its shrewd interlinear character analysis.

Runyon loved people, and had a particular affection for the less-than-perfect specimens of the race — the gambler, mugg, braggart. He was a sentimentalist who pulled all the stops when he sang of the soldier. His choice of epithet and his rhetoric are frequently picturesque:

There's a chair in the clubroom corner
That's shaped to the shape o' McGee—

In 1908, Runyon the prophet wrote of the airplane's war potential:

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
A-sailin' the deep-blue sky,
You'll reckon with me on land or on sea
Sometime in the sweet bye and bye.

The health of poetry benefits from a transfusion of balladry, and Runyon has given us a few worthy songs marked by the individuality of an accurate reporter.

Harold Applebaum has technical gifts of high competence, but his horizon is lowered when he competes with the journalist and editorial writer. Applebaum has indignation, and in expressing it, is often eloquent, but his poems of protest lack the magic that belongs to poetry. His sonnet portrait, "The Rabbi," is a convincing and sympathetic appreciation of nobility. The sonnet "Iconoclast" reveals a dramatic strength and an excellent tactile sense in word selection. The poet (and he is still a young man) having expended his indignation on Klansmen, isolationists, and bigots—might give more attention to the lyric in which he exhibits a verbal grace and spiritual vitality, for instance, the skier in Slalom:

On all this white perfection of the slope
no trace remains of what has passed
save curving parallels of space and time
that trail the mortal to the last.

The themes of "Give Me the Stars" are frank sentimentality. These are intimate verses which probably give to the author and her friends the pleasures of minor discoveries in the world of nature and human relations. The poems point out an inevitable moral. There is at times, a strength of statement, if not complete pleasure in the picture evoked, as in the quatrain, "God Is Architecture":

The earth's a ceiling a floor
A bleak partition, nothing more.
So it was built, so must it be:
A roof for him, a floor for me.

Errata

(To say the least!)

SRL, which has been holding its head in recent months over a number of typographical bloomers, really blew a fuse with the issue of April 3—which went to press during the first week of a printer's "work stoppage" (at this writing still in progress). Among the more important, first-run errors, later corrected, are the following:

On page 9 under Article 7 of the "Preliminary Draft for Global Federation" the first sentence should read: "The primary power to initiate and enact legislation for the Federal Republic of the World shall be vested in the Council." Also on that page, Wilbur G. Katz did not take his own picture, which should have been credited to Louise Barker.

The first line on page 10, column 1, should be transposed to the top of column 3.

There are 72 pages in the book "Fifty Photographs" reviewed on page 16.

In the review of "Peacock Country" on page 21, substitute the word "child" for the question marks in line 10, now reading, " ? ? ? playing outside his mother's . . ." At the end of that page there should be a line saying, "Continued on page 36."

The prose on "Brensham Village," page 30, should have finished with a period instead of distrait comma.

The price of "Beautiful Bermuda," reviewed on page 35, should be $2.50, cloth bound; $2, paper.

There are, in addition, some exotic type faces, wayward spacing, widows, and typographical errors. Unread pages were simply shanghaied to foundry over editorial yelps. SRL is humiliated to be caught undone like this. On stamps it's more valuable.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 732)

EDWARD MACDOWELL:

To Mary M. Shaw

Concerts composed entirely of American music are not advisable . . . Americans should not strive with one another for ascendancy. Far better would be the comparison of American with foreign art. This gives us a standard of criticism. . . .

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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American Literature and the Party Line

RUSSIA'S attitude toward our literature, as it is occasionally revealed in the press, seems to an American critic as preposterous in its way as the harangues her delegates deliver at sessions of the United Nations. Last year, a public lecture on "Contemporary American Literature," printed in Pravda and only recently translated, was delivered by Professor M. Mendelson in Moscow under the auspices of the Ministry of Higher Education of the USSR. With all its absurdities and misstatements, this 13,000-word address is worth analyzing as an example of Russia's use of higher criticism in the service of Soviet attacks on American culture.

At the beginning the learned Professor quotes from a speech of "Comrade Stalin" delivered in 1946, to the effect that monopolistic capitalism was responsible for the Second World War. From this he proceeds to develop the thesis that the postwar policy of the United States is "unrestrained imperialist expansion in a struggle for world domination, which finds its counterpart in the reactionary policy of American monopoly capital in the internal life of the country."

It would seem natural to suppose that the rest of Mr. Mendelson's speech would be devoted to the commercialism of American publishing, and to dividing our writers into the decadent capitalist goats and the noble proletarian sheep. Writers describing the seamy side of American life would be safe in the fold, all the rest hovering in the limbo to which exploiters and literary drug purveyors to the public are consigned. It seemed to be a safe bet that Richard Wright, Howard Fast, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, etc., would be in the Professor's good books.

Not at all! While he approves of the earlier works of some of these writers he finds their latest products decadent and worthless. The longest analysis in his book is devoted to one of Erskine Caldwell's familiar tragicomic books, "Tragic Ground." "Before the reader's eyes," he says, "there rises an America in which people are reduced to the utmost degradation, where filth and perversion become ordinary, where a man as such is deprived of any value in the eyes of the wealthy." His reason for finally condemning Caldwell is because his characters, who are oppressed and daily suffocated by capitalism, appear largely as degenerates. He considers this all the more disturbing since he is discussing a talented American writer who is relatively familiar with progressive ideas.

In this vein Professor Mendelson also excoriates the recent work of Steinbeck, Richard Wright, Eugene O'Neill, and others. "Steinbeck is preaching the purest kind of escapism, withdrawal from life and isolation from struggle," he says. "It is highly characteristic that Wright, like the other American decadents, begins to represent Negroes as hopeless people, idiotic, and incapable of any protest against evil . . ." He describes O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" as a shocking, decadent work." "O'Neill chooses tramps, drunks, and prostitutes as the objects of his attention . . . They serve him as a symbol of all humanity." Renegades, given ample opportunity to ridicule advanced ideas and to smear the worker's movement, take outstanding parts in the play. "Essentially, the dramatist has set himself the task of justifying and romanticizing degeneracy."

There follows one of the Professor's most significant sentences. "American imperialists, advocates of world dominion, striving to stamp out all resistance from within the country understandably look upon works like O'Neill's play as part of their ideological argument." When you add this to his statements that American monopoly capital is interfering in the internal life of the country and that publishing has been taken over by capitalist monopolies, you can see his major thesis in all of its splendor. He is attempting to prove that our writers are now satisfying the aims of capitalism in attempting to show that the masses in America are "base and abject." "When American reactionaries and imperialists," he says, "virtually unopposed, had hoisted the pirate flag, American literature began to move with increasing momentum toward the blackest kind of decadence, outspokenly hostile to all democracy and to all life, . . . implying that man's fight for a better life is hopeless."

M. Mendelson's address is directly in line with the latest purge of the Russian arts, which was set in motion last year and is still continuing. The major object of this purge was to remove from Russian culture every trace of Western influence. Professor Mendelson's attack on American culture is double-barreled. First, he is trying to put American books, written after the Thirties, out of bounds for Russian readers; second, he is attempting to reveal America, through its recent literature, as vicious and degenerate.

Nothing could be more dangerous, either to Russia or to this country. The supposed degeneracy of America and its lack of unity were foundation stones on which the first two world wars were erected. A belief that since the war we have again been shoved into this abysmal state by the villains who dominate "monopoly capital" can give the people of the Soviets and its allies a conviction that America could not depend on the mass of its people in a war against Russia.

But not all of our writers are, according to Professor Mendelson, reactionary. Some of them value Russian postwar literature highly and advocate emulating the best Soviet writing. To prove it, he quotes from an article on the Soviet novel by Howard Fast.

An American critic may still hope that, however degenerate our writers have become, these unnamed authors who are to "instruct" our bourgeoisie in the true facts of life will not lead American literature into the doldrum of machine-made invention that afflicts Russian literature today. To quote from Alexander Rasoumovski's article on the Soviet literary purge, in The Partisan Review, "Russian bureaucracy will undoubtedly achieve one thing: it will make Soviet literature the poorest, dullest, and most worthless in the world. It is approaching this goal today—another one or two little purges, and it will be obtained."

H. S.

What Split the Heavens?

By Margaret Bartlett

WHAT split the heavens, Hunter? scattered
every star in fire apart to blaze between
the years of dark?
What was it broke the wholeness of your heart
to centuries?
How still the fragments are.
How long apart.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Alfred Kinsey, Taxonomist

Sir: Whatever "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" [*SRL* Mar. 13] is, or is not, it must be read with an understanding of the training of its author and of his earlier works. Dr. Kinsey has been a leading teacher and research worker in biology for some twenty-seven years. His earlier book, published in 1929, "The Gall Wasp Genus Cynips: A Study in the Origin of the Species," may be used as a key to an understanding of the more talked about sexual studies.

Of course gall wasps cannot hope to rival sex as a subject of popular appeal—but what can? Yet it is in this book that Dr. Kinsey established the methods, technique, and mind-set that he carried over into "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male."

Dr. Kinsey is first and foremost a taxonomist. Taxonomy is that phase of biology devoted to a classification of plants and animals. The older school of taxonomists harking back to the eighteenth century contented themselves with merely describing and naming species of organisms. Modern taxonomy is far more complicated and owes its concepts and methods to pioneer work done by men like Kinsey.

To establish the continuity between the two books of Kinsey's I would like to append a quotation taken from each:

(1) An adequate understanding of any phenomenon must await repeated observations of that phenomenon throughout a wide range of specific cases, and an interpretation of the data based upon a comparative study of the groups in which that phenomenon is known to appear.—"Gall Wasp Genus Cynips," 1929.

(2) Modern taxonomy is the product of increasing awareness among biologists of the uniqueness of individuals, and the wide range of variation which may occur in any population of individuals. The taxonomist is, therefore, primarily concerned with the measurement of variation in series of individuals which stand as representatives of the species in which he is interested.—"Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," 1948.

C. FRANCIS BYERS,
Professor of Biology.

University of Florida,
Gainesville, Fla.

"Portraits and Self-Portraits"

Sir: For the record, Georges Schreiber's "Portraits and Self-Portraits" was published by Houghton Mifflin Co. The editor's note which prefaces "Something of My Life" by Thomas Wolfe [*SRL* Feb. 7] implies that the volume was published, under Maxwell Perkins's editorship, by Scribner's.

DALE WARREN.

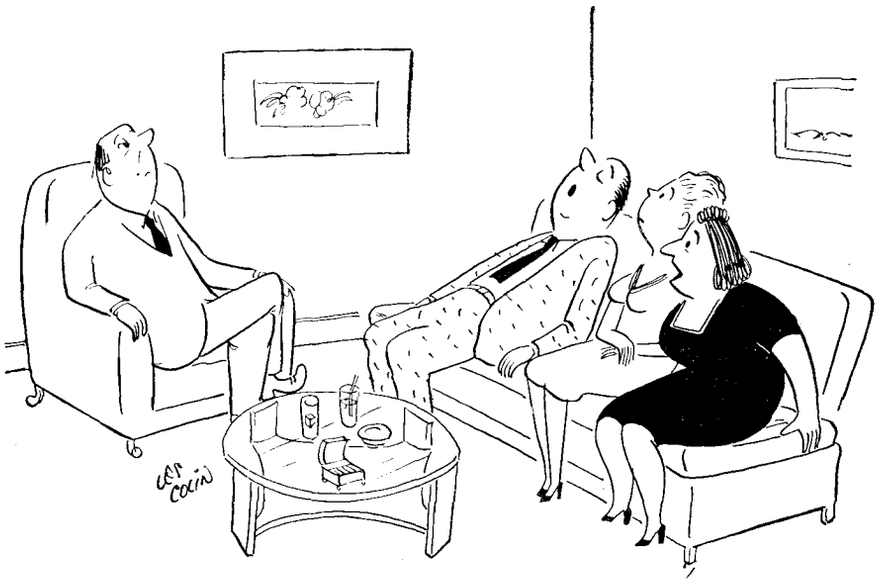
Boston, Mass.

Personal History Clarified

Sir: In the blurb accompanying my article "Notes From Inside a Glass House" [*SRL* Feb. 28], I am described as "formerly fiction editor of a popular national weekly magazine." This is not strictly correct and, out of consideration for my friends in the editorial departments of the national magazines on which I have served, I should like to state that most recently I was associate editor of *Good Housekeeping* and previously (until May 1946) I was an associate fiction editor of *Collier's* under Kenneth Littauer, who has been fiction editor on that magazine for many years and will, I sincerely hope, continue to be for years to come.

JOHN SCHAFFNER.

New York, N. Y.



"There goes Fred again—quick, somebody start talking about Kinsey."

"Fear and War"

Sir: "Fear and War" faced the readers of your editorial page Mar. 6. Its author composed a reasonable facsimile of the state of mind that is lacing our consciousness from coast to coast.

This editorial is rather utopian. It fails to acknowledge that insult when added to injury makes a nation angry, not fearful. Russia's boorish conduct can only excite anger, not fear, in the observant sectors of our people. That anger is a positive, driving power for right action which is not the dumb, helpless fear H. S. depicts in his editorial.

JOHN J. OVERLANDER.

Northfield, N. J.

Sir: The occasional controversies between Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith in your editorial column seems to me to be one of the brightest aspects of your magazine. I never could see why editorial writers had to express the same opinions since, obviously, human beings who have any ideas worth listening to cannot be mentally identical twins. If a newspaper, for example, has a certain viewpoint, isn't it reasonable that its policymakers should be allowed to disagree occasionally? Both Cousins and Smith seem to me to be fair-minded liberals, and that is all that counts in the world today. In the latest argument of these gentlemen about the use of fear as a propaganda weapon I am on Mr. Smith's side. If this country is forced into hysteria through fear that Russia will soon possess the atom bomb, we will surely have a war long before there is any possibility of the world-wide parliament of man.

JAMES ROBINSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Idolator vs. Iconoclast

Sir: I've just read Robert S. Allen's review of "The Roosevelt Years" [*SRL* Mar. 13] by James A. Farley. How an idolator can hate an iconoclast.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

Sir: Please accept my sincere thanks and gratitude for your review of "Jim Farley's Story" [Mar. 13] written by Robert S. Allen. This was a job that really needed doing, and nobody did it but you.

ARTHUR T. NELSON.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sir: May I add my word of deep appreciation to the many which I know you will receive for having published the splendid review of "Jim Farley's Story." It has seldom been anyone's privilege to read such a wonderful "telling" analysis of any book. It was a master stroke to unmask and denounce such jealousy, double-dealing, hypocrisy, and deceit.

GRACE PEMBERTON WALSH.

Wichendon, Mass.

There's Always Valentine

Sir: After looking at the book-jackets of many recently published books, this question, which I trust is not inappropriate, comes to mind: has any modern author written about a flat-chested heroine?

FLETCHER BENNETT.

Stevens Point, Wis.

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The War.

Ever since men took up arms against each other, they have delighted in reminiscing about their wars, seated at home beside their hearth. We Americans were content to let our refighting of battles remain oral until after the Civil War, when presses ran overtime turning out fat volumes of memoirs and regimental histories. A new twist was added during World War I: even while hostilities were in progress, staffs of historians in Governmental service compiled measured accounts of the conflict. Now we are in the flood tide of works on World War II. The books reviewed below typify two principal facets of this literature. The volume on the U. S. Army in World War II is the beginning of a monumental official history. General Montgomery's "Normandy to the Baltic" offers a subjective account of the battle for Europe planned to encompass ninety volumes.

Montgomery's Special World

NORMANDY TO THE BALTIC. By Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 351 *pp.* $5

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

BRITAIN'S No. 1 field general in the last war neither smoked nor drank. He rarely joked, never backslapped, had difficulty relaxing with equals or subordinates, spared little time to hear other men's views, and so ended by having few friends—either British or American.

Neither does his book know how to relax. Clipped, austere, unbending, and self-centered, it may win Montgomery some military admirers—but it will hardly win him friends.

No one, knowing the man, would expect him to write a campaign chronicle as gusty, warm, and turbulent as General Patton's "War As I Knew It." But many who regretted the injustices done to him and British arms in general by Ralph Ingersoll's "Top Secret" expected him to write either an angry defense or a slashing counterblow.

His book is neither. It is frosty and remote. No people, landscapes, emotions figure in it. No men are criticized, none are praised; outside of himself only half a dozen in all the Allied host are briefly dignified with mention. Armies, corps, divisions move as mere numbered pieces across a chessboard, with little mention of their ordeals and virtually none of their losses. Usually, the most we learn about them is simply that he commanded them ("I set about the task of putting across to the troops under my command a sound battle technique" . . . "I emphasized again the need for speed" . . . "I planned to swing the right-hand American corps into the Brittany peninsula" . . . "I issued orders for the advance to the Seine."

Did he see nothing, feel nothing, share nothing? Sometimes you wonder. In its obsession with the sheer mechanical steps of his own soldiering, his book sometimes reads as if written from another world.

And perhaps that was Montgomery's trouble. He lived in a special world unto himself—profoundly dedicated but curiously apart. That world sometimes clashed with the human realities around him. When it did, he withdrew further and further into it, and his book reads like the end-result. His world was founded on Spartan discipline, Cromwellian severity, and caste. He had justified it at El Alamein, after the failure of weaker predecessors; victorious, he would justify it again in Europe—and the Americans, the latecomers and unknown quantities, should stay obediently within it.

He wanted to keep that world tight—or, as he often said when referring to his battle order, "tidy." But it wouldn't stay tidy. The American forces in France rapidly grew so big that they literally burst out of it. He couldn't adjust himself to the eruptive new military world which Bradley and Patton had created, spinning outside of his orbit while still nominally under his command. To Americans it seemed that he kept trying either to bestride or to check that new world of theirs, either by sidetracking American armies into subordinate positions or else, as in two cases during the winter months, by having himself reinstated in overall ground command.

Not one mention of this struggle and embitterment appears in Montgomery's bare, pruned pages. He does not begrudge American armies their successes. Toning down the story for posterity, he bears no one any grudges. What he does is simply to ignore those things that didn't turn out his way.

This leaves him in the peculiar position of implying—and sometimes saying—that everything did turn out his way after all.

Now it seems pretty clear that at least the initial phase of the battle in Normandy did turn out pretty much his way, and with results that showed his shrewd, hard caliber. Just as he had planned, the bulk of the available German armored forces concentrated against the eastern, British-manned sector of the Allied bridgehead, where he set about smashing them while giving Bradley's Americans on the western end the chance to break out and tackle the Germans from the side and rear.

But here his planning broke down—although he doesn't admit it. The trouble was that while he severely mauled the German armor around Caen, he didn't really smash it. In the meantime he grew increasingly worried about his own British units that were themselves being mauled in the process—so much so that his all-out ardor cooled and he became more and more cautious about expending manpower. By July 20, according to Captain Butcher's diary, the impatience even in England over Montgomery's slowdown was such that the British Chiefs of Staff were ready to fire him. (Needless to say, he doesn't mention this.)

He wasn't fired. But the initiative passed from his hands into that of the hard-lunging Americans, and he never could recapture it. That was not entirely his fault. He lived under daily awareness of Britain's ebbing human resources; his British armored divisions, for all their skill and courage, were never quite the same after the attrition they had suffered around Caen. But on the other hand Patton, with huge American manpower behind him, was no less fanatical about conserving soldier lives than he. Whether Montgomery conserved more with his caution than Patton did with his boldness is a matter for historians to decide.

When his case is judged, one of its shortcomings may be that in his detailed account he is often something less than frank. All military history involves apologies, but Montgomery is extraordinary in the way he ignores setbacks and describes even obvious upsets as being "according to plan."

We know, for instance, that on July 18 and 19 south of Caen his main British armored force ran headlong into a curtain of German fire so murderous that it had to be pulled out

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of the battle, thus leaving half of our front stalled. Montgomery glosses over what happened, and after casually admitting that his armor was "withdrawn into reserve" has the nerve to say: "We had, however, largely attained our purpose."

Several months later, anyone who saw the heroic remnants of the British 1st Airborne Division escape from German encirclement near Arnhem will remember what a bitter setback occurred there. Yet Montgomery manages to write that "the battle of Arnhem was ninety per cent successful."

Then, Americans will remember the bitter ructions caused during the Battle of the Bulge by Montgomery's caution in counterattacking and his readiness to withdraw the northern flank to the Meuse. But his book overlooks both that readiness and those ructions. "The battle displayed many fine examples of Allied solidarity," he writes with a straight face. The hell it did!

We needn't stir the ashes in the last war's military hearth. Montgomery's clammy chronicle will probably not arouse new heat. But it comes like a chill wind down the chimney of the past.

William Harlan Hale served overseas in the European theatre with the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF. He is a free-lance writer.

On the Record

THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN WORLD WAR II: The Army Ground Forces—The Organization of Ground Combat Troops. Washington, D. C.: Historical Division, Department of the Army. 1948. 540 *pp.*

Reviewed by THEODORE ROPP

AT A TIME when the publishers' remainders are showing the public's lack of interest in either the last war or the next, the Historical Division of the Department of the Army has brought out the first volume of one of the most interesting cooperative military histories ever attempted. It combines a full-scale staff history of a type never before undertaken in this country with the kind of broad administrative survey which was done after the First World War by the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. An official history, it is intended for both civilians and the military. The authors are for the most part civilian historians.

Only forty-one of the ninety-nine projected volumes will be devoted to operations. The rest will deal primarily with the administrative, procurement, and organizational problems of the War Department, the Army Ground, Air, and Service Forces, the Technical and Administrative Services, and Special Projects. When these, and the companion volumes in the Navy's and the Office of Scientific Research and Development's series are completed, the American public will have a complete and comprehensive picture of the impact of war on nearly every sector of our national life. This official history, like those of the Navy and the O.S.R.D., is not an official apologia. Modern war is much too serious a business for that.

This first volume in the Army series carefully documents some home truths about American intervention, at a time when "iffy" speculations are increasingly distorting the record. Our role in Europe, the traditional one of a great sea power, was to tip the balance in the great Russo-German struggle in the east. That war was the latest of the great mass wars which began with the French Revolution. The United States and Britain tipped the balance in favor of Russia with the first truly mechanized war machines ever built. What really counted on our side, as the authors of this volume see clearly enough, was the quality and quantity of our equipment, which gave both our men and their commanders a "margin for error." Only one man in five or ten in our armed forces was in physical contact with the enemy, a statement which should highlight rather than detract from the personal heroism of those few infantry regiments which suffered 100 per cent losses for every three months of intensive combat. Thus our ground forces, including the Marines, were all elite assault divisions, thrown into battle by sea and air forces "at advantageous times and places . . . against an enemy underequipped, disrupted, and sometimes immobilized."

This particular volume tells the story of the building of those elite divisions. The bulk of it deals with the work of the late General McNair, who was chiefly responsible for the system of training which kept our relatively few infantry units in constant contact with the enemy. Four of its six monographs are by Professor Robert R. Palmer of Princeton, already well known for his splendid study of the Committee of Public Safety of the French Revolution. Dr. Kent Greenfield, formerly of Johns Hopkins and present director of this project, and Professor Bell I. Wiley of Louisiana State University are the other contributors. All three authors know the forest from the trees, though each tree is carefully documented.

"The initiative passed from Montgomery's hands into that of the hard-lunging Americans"

The chief obstacles to this work's wide distribution will be, of course, the length of the series and the curious policies of the Government Printing Office: The price is still a secret, but it will probably be possible to obtain a copy of this volume in a couple of months for $3.50. It is well worth it, for it is a mine of information, a mine whose original workers fortunately knew the truth when they saw it.

Theodore Ropp, formerly a professor in Duke University Department of History, is now teaching at Harvard.

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Seeing Things

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

AS IT should be, it is the children who matter most in "The Search."* The film is theirs, and their agony ours. Among all the ruins which scar Europe today, none is more moving than these youngsters, orphaned and uprooted, who through the war years were fed mainly on cruelty and disaster. They are a tragic part of the Old World's rubble. No words ever written or spoken have indicted war as eloquently as do their dazed, pinched, and tortured faces.

Little Boy,
Full of joy;
Little Girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise,
Merrily, Merrily, to welcome in the Year.

That was Blake's sweet image of childhood. It is the usual, the right, the inescapable one. It conjures swiftly the picture of happiness to which adults everywhere know children are entitled. But imagine, if you can (and the doing is difficult), the complete reverse of this picture. Instead of joy, write woe. Substitute misery and heartbreak for sweet and small, and frightened sobs or animal-like silence for merry voice and infant noise. In the place of a happy year merrily welcomed put long years ahead unwelcome because of bruises to the mind and spirit that will not heal and a loneliness and terror which may prove beyond curing. Make these alterations, and you may have some notion, however faint, of the stuffs of sorrow which are at once the truth of Europe and the theme of "The Search."

Were "The Search" studio-hatched, and no more than that; were its story of a mother's quest for, and ultimate reunion with, her lost son to be judged merely as the concoction of its scenarists, it would doubtless be an indifferent film. Its plot, if such it can be called, has its moments of being as dependent upon coincidence as was "The Two Orphans." These moments come particularly towards the end. It is then apparent—almost embarrassingly so—that Hollywood rather than fate is contriving, first to keep the mother and the son apart, then to bring them together, when at long last they both happen to have come to the same UNRRA camp.

In "The Search," however, history has stepped in to write the major portion of the scenario. History has also functioned as the stage designer, supplying those acres of destroyed buildings which are the settings. History has turned makeup man, too. With utter success, as the children's faces prove. As a collaborator, history is unchallengeable. Who, with any knowledge of the modern world, can question coincidence? Who, having seen life lost, bludgeoned, or endured in the target areas, cares or dares to distinguish between tragedy and melodrama? Although we like to think of ourselves as the civilized products of a civilized period, what has happened within our lifetime has far exceeded in its horrors anything the most inventive writers could imagine. "The Search" is a relentless reminder of this. Its strength, its interest, its heartbreak are sprung from the film's having its roots in facts; indeed in some of the most appalling facts of our appalling days.

Most of its exteriors were photographed in the American zone in Germany. The majority of these have as their background the mountainous rubble of Nuremberg. But, whether the scenes of destruction were shot there or in Wurzburg, Frankfort, and Munich, the sense of ruin, human no less than architectural, is present.. It is into this blasted universe that Fred Zinnemann has transported his professional actors to play the adults necessary to his story's development.

"The sense of ruin, human no less than architectural, is present."

The result of this mixture of the concocted and the actual is that "The Search" operates on two levels as surely as does the Grand Central Terminal. Its upper level is the one of reality; the one which, paradoxically, has found human behavior at its lowest or most pathetic. Its lower level is the one of fiction where the dialogue and plotting, though well intentioned, often fail to rise to the possibilities of their subject matter.

THE fine, the memorable, the almost unendurable moments in "The Search" are those we recognize as having had their origins in truth. These are many, and no one can remain untouched by them. They will haunt the memories of those who have seen them just as they will haunt the lives of the children who have survived them. They speak for what is best in the film and worst in recent history. Take, for example, the introduction to the exhausted children, crowded in a boxcar. Or the sight of their thin bodies and tattered clothes when they stand up to be herded off to an UNRRA camp. These sequences make their fearful comments on a world which supposedly has put barbarism behind it.

There are countless other moments no less poignant. There is the scene in which the youngsters are overwhelmd by terror when they mistake a Red Cross ambulance for a Nazi bus taking them off to be killed. There is the interlude, too, when pandemonium breaks out in this same ambulance. It comes when the little girls and boys, locked in for safety, see the fumes released from the exhaust and, having been exposed to the Nazis, are convinced they are about to be gassed.

Then there is the incident of the escape. In it the children beat their way out of the ambulance and run, like hunted animals, barefooted across the broken glass, the twisted pipes, the battered furniture, and the stones of a ruined city. There is also the episode terrible, hence right, in its anguish in which a frightened boy drowns while trying to make his getaway by swimming a river. Add to these shots such scenes as the one in which the UNRRA officials patiently endeavor to determine the case histories of a roomful of displaced children; or that in which a Jewish lad is discovered seeking safety by pretending to be a Catholic choir-boy; or

*THE SEARCH. *Original screen play by Richard Schweizer in collaboration with David Wechsler. Additional dialogue by Paul Jarrico. Directed by Fred Zinneman. Produced by Lazar Wechsler for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. With a cast including Ivan Jandl, Leopold Borkowski, Montgomery Clift, Aline MacMahon, Jarmila Novotna, Wendell Corey, etc. At the Victoria.*

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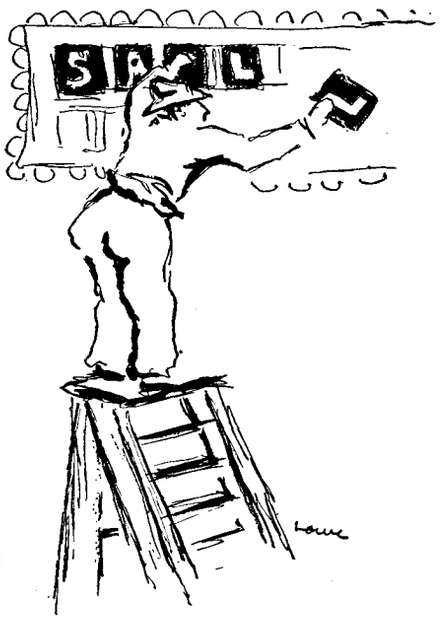

the one in which some rehabilitated Jewish children march off hopefully to Palestine, and the validity and impact of the better portions of "The Search" are established beyond question.

Another vital contributor to the picture's merit is Ivan Jandl. This scrawny little fellow, whose face is utterly sensitive and at first all distrust and grief, is to "The Search" what a keystone is to an arch. He plays the broken and befuddled boy whose story provides the picture with its continuity. It is he who, when he has escaped from the ambulance, runs away with a friend who drowns. It is he who, after he has been picked up and temporarily adopted by an American soldier, is at last reunited with his mother. This nine-year-old child was "discovered" by Mr. Zinnemann in a radio station in Prague where his parents live. Perhaps just now we should say lived. This much is certain. Of all the cradle-snatching done by filmdom in our time none has yielded more miraculous results.

IVAN JANDL is no Infant Phenomenon in the usual obnoxious sense. He is not one of those vomitous stage brats to be found carrying fiddles into radio stations, answering questions on juvenile quiz programs, or appearing in Hollywood's poorer films. He is a child of sorrow. Somehow his tiny face and small body serve as spokesmen for the whole of suffering Europe. His voice is eloquent in its very thinness. He manages to embody shattered youth and disillusioned age at one and the same time. His lips have been narrowed by pain; his eyes are small mirrors in which vast stretches of the Continent are reflected. Instead of giving the appearance of acting, he creates the illusion of

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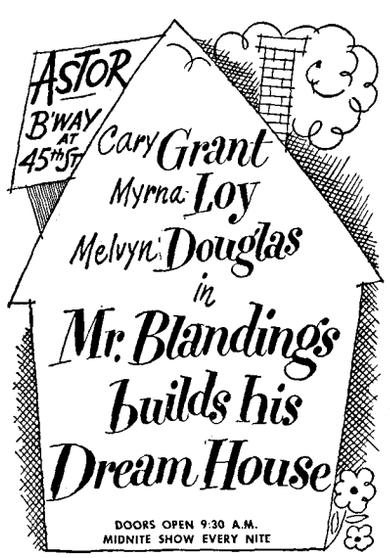

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remembering. That is why he is so incredibly moving.

A measure of the excellence of the imported adults in "The Search" is the self-effacing generosity with which they give the picture to the youngsters who surround them. Aline MacMahon admirably captures the professional impersonality with which those who go in for organized charities insulate themselves against individual agony. Yet she also manages to suggest the warmth of heart possessed by the UNRRA representative she impersonates. Jarmila Novotna plays the mother who has trudged from one destroyed city to another looking for her son with a simplicity that is radiant. Montgomery Clift is no less honest as the likable American soldier who befriends the boy, wins his confidence, feeds him, houses him, nurses him back to mental health, and teaches him English. And Wendell Corey is equally engaging as a Military Government official.

But, to repeat, it is—as it should be—the children who matter. It is they who save "The Search" from the shaky moments in its plotting. It is they who win forgiveness for its frequently inadequate dialogue and who grant it its genuine importance as a near-documentary. These youngsters turn it into a film no American parents will want to miss. Not, at any rate, if they are both compassionate and courageous. And if, in addition to becoming the more grateful because of what their own young have been spared, they would know what the children of the Old World have faced and still face.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(Continued from Page 15)

However, Mr. Idell does not disappoint us. Suddenly it is deceptively warm. Mrs. Rogers dreams of a new spring bonnet and, despite the heavy rain, Mr. Rogers plans a trip to Wall Street. As the wind rises and the rain turns to ceaseless snow, there is that immediate recognition of the rare event and "The Great Blizzard" comes into its own.

Against the individual adventures of birth, discovered love, and unexpected journalistic fame we get a vivid picture of New York. The great city, crippled, isolated, cold, hungry, and hopelessly idle with all wires down and all transportation dead, is a shuddering sight, one look at it making us feel sissies, killing all competitive argument, and willing to salute the greater experience.

Mr. Idell gives us an eyewitness technique that is good but cannot lessen the reliance of the Rogerses on the elements. The more unpredictable, the better.

Portrait of Gemmie

THE ECHOING GREEN. By Eleanor Estes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 263 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the story of the Hand family, of Poppa, who was "elegant" but who was never able to make much of a living; of Momma, transplanted to the small New England town but clinging to her memories of New Orleans and her girlhood when things had been very different and they'd had crocheted counterpanes on all the beds and the roses on the now faded parlor rug had been bright and fresh; of the five Hand children, but particularly of Gemmie, sensitive, imaginative, conscientious little Gemmie, who wanted desperately to have a home like other children where everything was nice and where they had blankets instead of coats on the beds and where pople didn't holler at each other. Not that she didn't love Poppa, who was dapper and gay as well as "refined" (as Momma used to say), but Poppa had taken to drink, and Gemmie had to learn, as they all had, to keep out from under Poppa's feet and not to rile him. Gemmie couldn't remember exactly when it began. She was eight now, "and it seemed as though it had always been that Poppa hollered at Momma and swore and called her names . . . and the sight of Poppa in anger grew gradually more frequent, especially on Saturday nights when in his hollering the skin of his neck became scrawny and goosefleshy and red, the Adams apple white and shining against it, his head thrown back like a rooster's, tense and quivering."

Poppa worked in a railroad office; he was a "white collar worker," Momma used to say proudly. And when she reminisced about the fabulous New Orleans days and the fashionable millinery shop she used to have, she would tell the children how she and Poppa had met. Gemmie especially loved that story: "Well," Momma would say,

> I had just bought one of those new bicycles, and I had just returned home from delivering a creation to

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one of the elegant ladies, I believe it was to Mrs. LaPlante, and when I came home, there I was, trying to lug my new bicycle upstairs to my rooms, that day I first met your father. He lived in the same boarding-house. Well, so your father saw me lugging and heaving my bicycle up the steps, and he doffed his hat —if you think he is a dude now you should have seen him then—well, all I can say is he was extremely elegant-looking—and he bowed, and he said only two words, "Permit me?" And he lugged my bicycle up the stairs.

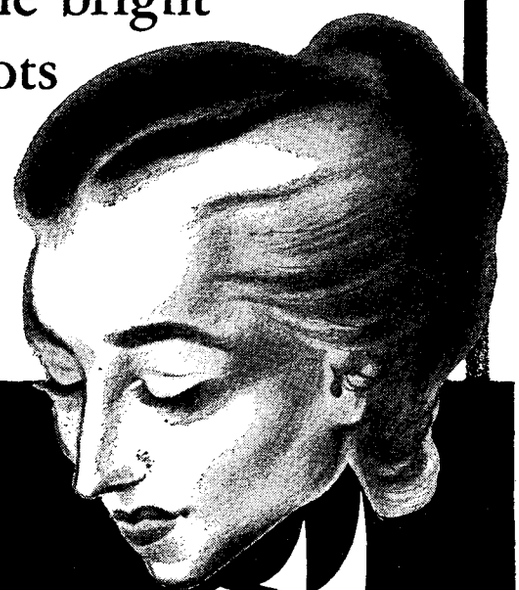
That was how they had met, Poppa and Momma.

Mrs. Estes's book is an intimate and affecting document of a little girl growing up, of the dreams and the hopes, the humiliations and the passionate yearnings which Gemmie kept locked in her breast. She wanted respectability and comfort and beauty, she wanted most "to start living"; because she felt, somehow, that what they were going through was just a marking time before that time when they wouldn't be poor any more and Momma wouldn't be unhappy and Poppa would stop drinking. The story covers the period between Gemmie's eighth and eighteenth years. With deep insight and warm compassion Mrs. Estes draws her portrait of Gemmie, staunch, intense, passionately hopeful, comforting herself with the assurance that someday she will grow up and write plays and really begin to "find out the reality of things," but in the meanwhile, because she is the "quaint one, the home one" on whom Momma depends, staying at home while her sisters married and left, helping Momma run the notions store which she bought when Poppa died, hating the ugly cramped quarters behind the store where they had to live, but refusing to be defeated. Nor was she defeated by Momma's long wasting illness and slow tragic dying, after they sold the store and moved into the little apartment where Gemmie was still the mainstay.

It is a story of unconscious fortitude and courage, never melodramatic or overwritten. Gemmie, in spite of the implicit tragedy of her youth, is not a tragic figure; she is just a human, appealing, absolutely real little girl building her life. With a quite extraordinary vividness Mrs. Estes shows Gemmie as a child, her emotional experiences, her hopes, her fears, her great dreams. Gemmie the young girl is not so immediate; the focus is not so clear nor does she seem so perfectly realized. "The Echoing Green" is Mrs. Estes's first novel for adults; she is already well known for her books for children. In it she proves herself a writer of real stature and distinction.

"One of the bright fiction spots of this winter."

—Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle



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Medicine.

A few years ago, one of the organizations which poll public opinion came up with the discovery that medicine had replaced banking as the most respected calling in this country. American medical knowledge, research, and equipment are now generally recognized as the finest in the world. Meanwhile, ironically enough, criticism of the manner in which economic and other factors deny medical service to great numbers of Americans has grown sharper. The books reviewed below illuminate this situation: the Doctors Rosens' work celebrates the tradition of a profession to which Americans have contributed so largely, while Carl Malmburg's book states the failure of our physicians fully to meet their obligations to society.

Memoirs by Medicoes

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE. By George Rosen, M.D., and Beate Caspari-Rosen, M.D. New York: Henry Schuman. 1947. 429 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by
BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THE FOUR hundred years extend from early in the sixteenth century to the present, the "doctor" is an abstraction, for this book is a compilation of excerpts from the published writings of many doctors from Jerome Cardan (1501-1576) through Gordon S. Seagrave (1897-). The contents are not presented in chronological arrangement but are put in ten sections. Thus eleven doctors are made to tell of their early years, among them Karl Ernst von Baer of his childhood in the first years of the nineteenth century on an estate in Esthonia, Oliver Wendell Holmes of his religious upbringing, and Daniel Drake of his boyhood in the Kentucky of about 1800. But the interest of the collection is not limited to local color; Johannes Muller describes certain of his early fantasies and Ramón Cajal describes the formative sadism of his parents. Havelock Ellis recounts his early memories, which dated from about the age of two.

In the section on school days, Christoph Wilhelm Hufeland (1762-1836) describes his rococo tutoring. Again Drake and Holmes supply the early American note, while Alice Hamilton (1869-) and Albert Schweitzer (1875-) tell exceptional though modern stories. There follows the part of the book entitled "The Medical Student," and here Jerome Cardan (1501-1576), Benjamin Rush (1743-1813), and twenty-nine other doctors of the last four centuries and of ten different nations are represented by a few pages of characteristic description. This section quotes several women, and contains important historic remarks of Trudeau and Sigmund Freud among others.

The next section is devoted to the practice of medicine and takes the reader from Theophrastus von Hohenheim, otherwise known as Paracelsus (1493-1541) through Gordon Seagrave, Edward S. Hume (1876-), and William Carlos Williams (1883-), in the most various environments: a Russian city (Verressayev, 1867-), the American frontier (Rafinesque, 1783-1840), colonial Philadelphia (Benjamin Rush, 1745-1813), Yale-in-China (Edward S. Hume), Vienna and as a neurologist (Freud 1856-1939), Burma (G. S. Seagrave), and almost everywhere (Victor Heiser, 1873-). The four-hundred-year composite expresses many moods and many attitudes—from devotion and enthusiasm all the way through discouragement and dislike.

Perhaps the most interesting special section is the one entitled "Scientist, Scholar, Teacher," which includes many of the doctors referred to above, as well as Ronald Ross (1857-1932), Harvey Cushing (1869-1939), Hans Zinsser (1876-1940), and Walter B. Cannon (1871-1945). The latter is represented by his thoughtful discussion of the nature of scientific inspiration. A more personal group of remarks by doctors is brought together under the heading "The Doctor Marries," to be followed by an interesting but unfortunately brief section on the doctor as patient. Here is to be found Edward L. Trudeau's (1848-1918) account of himself as a tuberculosis patient, a brief, impersonal note of Hermann Nothnagel (1841-1905) on one of his anginal attacks, Julius Thomsen's (1815-1896) description of his own case of what is now known as Thomsen's disease (*Myotonia congenita*). Military surgery is represented by the surgeon general of the army of Francis II, Ambroise Paré, who explains his famous method of treating wounds by ligature rather than by burning. American doctors of all our wars have their say here, with a few representatives of some other countries. Still another variety of experiences is set forth in the final sections, a wide variety, for here are included the doctor's "writings and politics" and his reflections on life and death.

All compilers run the risk of being criticized for what they include and for what they omit. Such criticisms are usually idle, and to the Doctors Rosen one may well be content to remain grateful for an arduous job carried out with taste and discrimination.

Dr. Bertram Lewin, New York psychiatrist, is former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association.

Better Care for All

140 *MILLION PATIENTS. By Carl Malmberg. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc.* 1947. 242 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN PFEIFFER

SOONER or later the United States will follow England, France, Sweden, and more than thirty other countries in establishing a nationwide system of health insurance. The need for more efficient medical care is too clear-cut, and the methods for meeting the need are too complex for the doctors to handle without active government assistance. There is more than enough evidence to back these points, and practically all of it may be found in "140 Million Patients," by Carl Malmberg, formerly chief investigator for the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Education.

Malmberg's opening chapter, "health inventory" of the United States, is packed with hard-hitting facts calculated to show that a great deal more must be done for sick people. And the facts speak for themselves. On any given day 7,000,000 Americans are unable to carry out their regular work because of sickness and disability. During the war, Selective Service examined 17,000,000 men between eighteen and thirty-eight—and 6,500,000 were rejected at their first examination or discharged later for physical and mental conditions.

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"140 Million Patients" does more than point out a need. It indicates why attempts to provide better medical care for more people on a voluntary basis alone cannot solve the problem. The famous Blue Cross health-insurance plans, for example, have increased their membership from less than a million to nearly 27,000,000 in the last ten years. But about four out of every five persons on this impressive list are insured for nothing but hospital costs, and hospitalization represents only about thirteen cents out of every dollar spent for medical care. Malmberg makes a strong case for the position that to obtain more complete (and less expensive) health insurance, the American people will have to turn to Federal legislation.

Unfortunately, much of Malmberg's constructive material is buried in a mass of information apparently included only to infuriate doctors and make them seem like a group of vicious incompetents. In fact, the book tends to be an anthology of practically all the accurate but unfavorable things that could possibly be said about doctors in general and their official organization, The American Medical Association, in particular. As such its over-all tone is destructive, and it will not hasten the establishment of national health insurance or any other sort of progress in social medicine. To damn a group or organization may be emotionally satisfying, but, if cooperation is called for, it is better to eliminate the negative and accentuate the positive—at least as much as possible. Malmberg hasn't even made a good try at it.

The American Medical Association itself is partly responsible for this sort of attitude. For years it opposed most important advances in social medicine, including voluntary insurance and group practice. Even after an adverse Supreme Court ruling under the antitrust laws, the association has continued to move slowly.

Two years ago the A. M. A. asked Raymond Rich, a New York public relations consultant, to analyze its widespread unpopularity among the people. Rich, who has since resigned because his suggestions were not heeded, had this to say, among other things: "[The Association] must in most mature fashion be a part of the total society of this nation, not apart from it." It is because organized medicine has failed to act on this suggestion that books as bitter as Carl Malmberg's "140 Million Patients" are written, books that with the best intentions make for new resentments instead of new ways of cooperating.

John Pfeiffer is the science director of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

A TRIFLE more than a hundred years ago a novelist, who signed herself C. Bell, ended a letter to her publishers by expressing the conviction that if her recently issued novel had "any solid worth in it, it ought to weather a gust of unfavorable wind." The writer was Charlotte Bronte, the book was "Jane Eyre," and there was worth enough in both of them to weather a critical hurricane.

Since Smith, Elder & Co. first published the story of Jane and Rochester, on October 16, 1847, it has appeared in editions of all sizes, shapes, and styles; and every reader who has ever picked it up has found himself face to face with the mystery and miracle of genius. The Heritage Press edition ($5), effectively illustrated by the lithographs of Barnett Freedman, with an introduction by John T. Winterich, is only the latest, but decidedly one of the most attractive, of a long line.

The faults of "Jane Eyre" are obvious. It is at times awkwardly contrived; it contains some second-hand properties borrowed from the Gothic school; the arm of coincidence, in one episode, is longer than the arms of Heine's princes; characters deliver themselves of set speeches such as were never uttered by human mouth; the wine of sentiment is occasionally sweetened to a degree unacceptable to twentieth-century palates; and the author often indulges in a magniloquence that dates her prose in a way that the styles of Dickens and Thackeray, for example, are not dated. But these faults are nothing in a novel that is alive, as comparatively few novels are, with the freely and candidly communicated passion of its author.

Virginia Woolf wrote of that remarkable passion in "The Common Reader," the First and Second Series of which have been combined in one volume (Harcourt, Brace, $4). The author of "Jane Eyre," Miss Woolf declared, "has us by the hand, forces us along her road, makes us see what she sees, never leaves us for a moment or allows us to forget her. At the end we are steeped through and through with the genius, the vehemence, the indignation of Charlotte Bronte." This is well said, as is almost everything else in this collection of literary studies, now happily available in so convenient a form. "The Common Reader" is pleasantly full of intelligent, stimulating, and loving talk about writers, books, and readers, and pleasantly empty of the sort of pseudo-scientific criticism that is, in our unhappy generation, being produced so solemnly by writers who have no more genuine affection for literature than vivisectionists have for white mice. With rodents, of course, wonders may be accomplished without affection; but it is not so with the living word.

Miss Woolf was just when she spoke of Charlotte Bronte as self-centered and self-limited; and she reached the heart of the matter when she referred to Charlotte's "overwhelming personality." This personality is the mainspring of "Jane Eyre," but it also found expression in its possessor's fleeting social contacts and her casual letters, as was revealed when Mrs. Gaskell published "The Life of Charlotte Bronte" in 1857. This fascinating biography has been done in a new edition by John Lehman, London, as one of a series of handy reprints ($3.25 each) called The Chiltern Library, which may be found in the Holliday Bookshop, New York, and other shops which carry English books. Despite the years of research and the tens of thousands of words that have been spent upon the Brontes since Mrs. Gaskell's day, her pioneer work has lost none of its value, her portrait of Charlotte none of its vitality. Margaret Lane is undeniably justified when she declares that the Life "is still, in essence, 'truer' than anything about the Brontes which has been written since."

The Heritage Press has also produced, for a generation that knows Horatio Hornblower far better than Sir Amyas Leigh, a remarkably handsome edition of Charles Kingsley's lusty and violently anti-Papist adventure story, "Westward Ho!" ($5), with spirited illustrations by Edward A. Wilson. Sir Amyas is worth following through a career that culminated with the rout of the Great Armada. . . . Then there is "The Book of Ruth," always a pleasure, but never pleasanter to the eye than in the Heritage Press edition ($5), made brilliant by the jewel-like paintings of Arthur Szyk. The humble aspects of the poem have been richly transformed by Mr. Szyk's artistic imagination; but why cavil?

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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CAN METAPHYSICS SAVE THE WORLD?

(Continued from Page 8)

Nostalgia for a simpler, more serene way of looking at life—the horse-and-buggy ideology of a pre-skeptical, pre-urban, and industrial era—always holds its fascination for scholars and sensitive spirits. Today as always, the schoolman of a certain type pines for the armor of infallible truth, whose gleams he thinks he catches across the pages of Plato and Aquinas. Against the contemporary, so unmannerly and centrifugal, he feels a certain resentment; he is more at ease with his ancestors than with his neighbors. In his eyes, the world is not making progress but sliding backward to the atavism of brutish well-being. Were not the ancient Greeks (at least a small minority of the inhabitants of Hellas) wiser and more cultivated, were not the devout of the Middle Ages (again an élite corps) happier and more spiritual, than the average man today? The inequity of this comparison of course should not be overlooked. The Great Books are the distillation of these ages and of some other great thinkers in ages less fortunate—the entailed wisdom of the Western World. Their usefulness in adult education, among the fifteen million readers envisaged by Mr. Hutchins, is clear enough, although one may ask whether at the university level the reliance of the Hutchins system upon translation is not likely to cut the ground from under concepts of quality and precision, and sap the prestige of foreign languages, as has already happened at Chicago? One who has had even brief experience with the *literae humaniores* of Oxford, for example, cannot help finding the Chicago diet thin and spongy. Furthermore, the Great Books in themselves are fine and noble, but their study is hardly the talisman of all salvation, for, as Emerson said, in the final test each age must write its own books. And, as he added perhaps a little cruelly, the submissive study of the Great Books by the average mind will produce little save the Great Bookworm.

The exaltation of metaphysics, "the highest science, the first science, and as first, universal," in Mr. Hutchins's words, strikes this layman as still more dubious. In its Thomistic sense, metaphysics is concerned with the cognition of God; more broadly, its field is usually held to include the science of being and the theory of knowledge. Somebody once compared the pursuit of metaphysics to the chase of Syrinx by Pan, leading one to think he almost grasps the living body of truth till it turns to dry reeds in his hands. John Stuart Mill called it "that fertile field of delusion propagated by language," which may help explain the hostility that exists between Korzybski and other semanticists and some sectors of the Hutchins camp.

If the academic Tractarians of Chicago feel that a great victory for truth is gained when a holy-water stoup of metaphysics has been set beside the college door, that surely is innocent enough. But after some fifteen years of Midway metaphysics, one can hardly help concluding that in a constructive way it has meant disappointingly little. We have heard much about first principles and causes, and the queen of the disciplines, but listen in vain for something more than the incantation of a few well-worn generalities, before the veiled figure of an authoritarianism whose face we should like to see before giving our obeisance. Is it an organon to be implemented by some supreme court of learning, such as was proposed by a speaker or two at the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936? Or perhaps Peter's keys and the Triple Tiara? Or else a purely secular scholasticism drained of the supernatural? Of just a plain case of greensickness for the Middle Ages—such as afflicted Miniver Cheevy—when dogma like clothing was considerably more protective? Or the snobbism of a self-appointed élite, the storm-troopers of some yet undefined totalitarianism? It is hardly anything so melodramatic, but we do well to suspect any sort of unity-by-mandate in the pursuit of knowledge. Unity in knowledge, like unity in the state, has to pay very high construction costs for its façade of clarity and efficiency. True humanism cannot be ordered by fiat, or its exact course predetermined; in its often slow but healthy growth, all who love learning and truth may have a share. Through a rather obscure economy of nature, progress seems oftener to follow the way of the wild goose than the goose-step, though Nazis and Communists are notoriously blind to that fact.

In the development of his own ideas, Mr. Hutchins has been more sensible and discreet than some admirers—who, reared in the nursery of his university, seem to grow steadily more brash and supercilious. His theories are ill-served, for example, by a new book called "Ideas Have Consequences."* Its author, Richard M. Weaver, according to the dust-jacket, teaches in the College of the University of Chicago; he writes as if he were a rather young man, surveying with engaging hauteur a world he never made, and as if nourished in the lush pastures of rhetoric rather than the department of philosophy.

If this book had stopped with its title, it would deserve nothing but praise. Not only are ideas weapons, as Max Lerner reminded us on the eve of the last war, but most profoundly do have consequences. They are the dynamic of change, whether for good or ill. Long ago Chesterton compared ideas and moral forces to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, invisible yet overpowering. On a stormy day, some simple observer like a child might suppose from the tossing of leaves and boughs that the trees made the wind blow. Wiser, we know that wind is the agent, whose power can be judged only by its effects. Similarly with the ideas abroad in this tempestuous world, making for justice, cruelty, love, hatred, peace, war, and revolution.

The consequences of Mr. Weaver's own ideas, if taken seriously and widely, in this reviewer's opinion would not always turn beneficent. In the beginning we listen with tolerance to his expected praise of the schoolmen and "the metaphysical dream." He pines for "the chivalry and spirituality of the Middle Ages," declaring somewhat surprisingly that "chivalry was the most practical expression of the basic brotherhood of man." Evidently he has been swayed by that concept of feudalism as a jolly confraternity of artisans, husbandmen, priests, and bountiful lords of the manor, fostering cooperatives and small farms, sharing all their burdens and singing hymns as they trudge heavenward, which one finds in the pages of Belloc and Chesterton, more often than in serious scholarship. Somebody once called attention to the golden ages that have never existed—the Greece and Rome of medieval storytellers, the days of King Arthur as Spenser dreamed them, the Elizabethan age before the eyes of Victorian romantics—which compel the imagination. Such are Mr. Weaver's Middle Ages, which he accepts, brimstone included, for he adds wistfully: "There is bitterness in the thought that there may be no hell; for—in the irrefutable syllogism of the theologians—if there is no hell, there is no justice."

ADORING absolutism in philosophy, hierarchy, and "honorifics" in society, he deprecates the relativist world of today no less than the degradation which has melted down the noble old stratifications of caste into a figment

* Ideas Have Consequences. By Richard M. Weaver. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 189 pp. $2.75.

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—*Emily Henry Bush.*

My Current Reading

For nearly three decades the short stories and novels of **Ben Ames Williams** have been delighting millions of American readers. His thirty-fourth book, "House Divided," dealing with his native South before and during the Civil War, has occupied a spot at the top of the best-seller lists since its publication late last year. His list of current reading reflects his strong interest in this nation's past.

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI, *by Bernard DeVoto(Houghton Mifflin)*
THE BIG SKY, *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane)*
THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, *by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow)*
THE MONEYMAN, *by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday)*
LYDIA BAILEY, *by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday)*
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *by Victor Hugo*
FLOOD CREST, *by Hodding Carter (Rinehart)*
FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, *by Lyle Saxon (Appleton-Century-Crofts)*
SMILE PLEASE, *by Mildred Topp (read in manuscript; to be published in June by Houghton Mifflin)*
NATCHEZ ON THE MISSISSIPPI, *by Harnett Kane (Morrow)*

labeled economic man, the consumer in a vulgar social order where "everyone is called Joe." Displaying that snobbery which sits easily upon disciples of this cult, Mr. Weaver states that "the most portentous general event of our time is the steady obliteration of those distinctions which create society." (Nothing is said about the possibility that medieval society might have been grounded upon inherited wealth, power, predatory cunning, and the interlocking aggrandizement of church and state.) Curiously enough, however, Mr. Weaver's is a pre-Thomistic golden age. St. Thomas is now obsolete, or rather too modern. We are returned to the pure Platonism which Occam and Aquinas compromised by mixing it with Aristotelian nominalism. Under that fatal seduction by the Stagyrite, the type of the saint yielded to the Renaissance gentleman and he in turn to the odious bourgeois ("washed rather than clean")—while even the Catholic Church betrayed the asceticism of her patristic fathers by "a degree of pragmatic acquiescence in the world." From this fall of metaphysical man have come impressionistic art, bingo at the parish house, soap opera, and boogie-woogie.

Thus inclined toward conservatism, Mr. Weaver ceases to surprise us when he assails "the separation of education from religion" as a grievous error, dividing our schools into the private and the state-supported or "prostitute" variety. In his attack upon scientific education he derides the specialist, "a man possessed of an evil spirit." With his scorn for "social democracy" and the whole heresy of progress, Mr. Weaver tartly inquires, "Has the art of writing proved an unmixed blessing?" Terming it "the sin of writing," he objects not only that it spreads irresponsible notions, but that it lies under a basic flaw—for, unlike a meeting of minds in oral discussion, the written word (as Plato noted) always gives the inquirer "one unvarying answer." From a lover of the Absolute, this looks like an extraordinary objection. In "the Good Society" books and other records will diminish in importance, though so far Mr. Weaver does not propose to burn them out of hand. He excommunicates the press, radio, and the cinema, as if there were something inherently evil or (still worse) vulgar, in the media themselves. And on the practical side, he fails to tell us what to do with our *faits accomplis* of prodigal sons. Understandably enough in a philosopher who lives within the ambit of what the *Tribune* called Chicagoland, he declares that "we would live in greater peace and enjoy sounder moral health if the institution of the newspaper were abolished entirely." With justification he reproves the "obscenity" of the tabloids, invading the privacy of individuals, to photograph a dying face or dish up "tableaux of executions." True, but what shall we say of the public executions of the Middle Ages, rackings and disembowelings, or the roasting of a witch or heretic—which for medieval spectators seems to have fulfilled a function like that of tragedy for the ancient Greeks, a catharsis of pity and terror? Even in our brutality we are not alone.

NOR by this time are we astonished to learn from Mr. Weaver that the Declaration of Independence is a fatuous document, with its absurd state-

The victims were all naked and all little—

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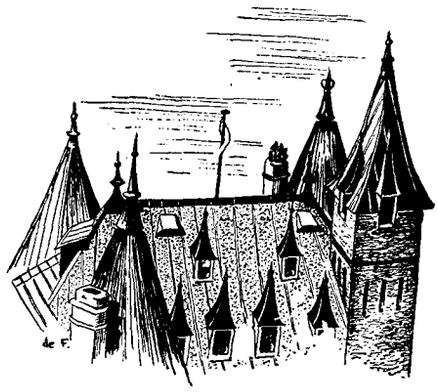
ment that all men are created free and equal. Was it for this that we fought the Revolution? It is easy for him to demolish the equality of men in an intellectual or physical sense, since nobody has ever seriously asserted it, but he proceeds also to argue that equality before the law exists equally in "empires and monarchies," while equality of opportunity in our country is and always has been sheer bunk. Giddy with his own logic, Mr. Weaver reasons that voting is itself an undemocratic procedure, since it denies equality by making choice between candidates; a pure democracy would pick leaders by lot.

Some pages, praising the Old South as the last sanctuary of the gentleman and extolling the moral excellence of rural life when accompanied by the distributive ownership of small properties, bring back the half-forgotten aroma of *The American Review* in the 1930's and "I'll Take My Stand," that symposium by twelve sentimental Southerners, among whom a few were so moved by their own logic that they went out and bought farms which they have long since sold. Also Mr. Weaver ventures to say a good word for the divine right of kings, and comes within hailing distance of Nietzsche when he begins to talk about "the superperson." He condemns "the foolish and destructive notion of the 'equality' of the sexes," and discovers a deep biological betrayal in the cigarette or cocktail in any woman's hand—yearning to see her re-enter the home and again become "a priestess radiating the power of proper sentiment." This relegation of women to cookery, church, and children is not the least of his debts to a late political ideal once honored in Central Europe. Mr. Weaver's most crushing indictment of Hitler and Mussolini is that they were not, in the final analysis, gentlemen. As for their point of view, he observes that Fascism was the "vulgarized and perverted" manifestation of a noble experiment, "the repudiation of bourgeois complacency, the attempt to renew the sense of 'holiness and heroism.' "

DOMESTICALLY, he is stern with the New Deal—excoriating (of all things) its inquiry into income-tax payments in the upper brackets, as an inquisition seeking to undermine the basic rights of property. An observer may ask whether Mr. Weaver's university has not done more, appropriating (though technically by contract) the royalties and lecture fees earned by its staff? The Four Freedoms, Mr. Weaver finds, reflect the spinelessness of modern man, unwilling to bear risk, suffering, heroism. As for the late



struggle itself, he asks (with Norman Thomas) "whether Roosevelt was justified in taking the American people into the Second World War against their will and knowledge?" This sounds more like uptown Chicago. It is well to recall that public-opinion polls between 1939 and Pearl Harbor repeatedly showed the President and a majority of the people marching together, considerably ahead of Congress, in apprehending the grounds of that war. As for its later stages, adds Mr. Weaver, the democracies crushed their enemies with needless cruelty and speed "so that the boys could get home to their bourgeois existences." Is it possible that we have not had a really justifiable war since the Crusades?

As for postwar America, Mr. Weaver takes a sour view of the "spoiled-child psychology" that underlies the right to strike, foretelling the day when strikes once more will be regarded as conspiracies. Such bold speech against organized labor is almost as audacious as frank talk about races and sects. All of us, he thinks, have grown badly intimidated. "Since liberalism became a kind of official party line, we have been enjoined against saying things about races, religions, or national groups, for, after all, there is no categorical statement without its implication of value, and value begins divisions among men." To his mind, such tolerance in speech amounts to "emasculation." Yet upon another page he finds that criticism of the privileged classes, name-calling like "bourbons" and "economic royalists," is a symptom "alarmingly like a dull hatred of every form of personal superiority."

What about Russia, that rival whose vitality (as Mr. Weaver sees it) makes her so formidable against our effete liberalism, our forgetfulness of the old heroic lesson that life is struggle? His plan is whimsical. Let the United States and the USSR "dispatch, each to the other, their ablest philosophers. Then we would see which side could convert the other with reference to the nature of the world and of man." And, having agreed in advance to bow before the arbitrament of debate, the world would hang upon their verdcit. I venture to question one detail. Could a delegation, say, of George Santayana, John Dewey, T. V. Smith, F. S. C. Northrop, Irwin Edman, and Ralph Barton Perry, ever agree among themselves? On the other hand, a remote intuition tells me that all the Soviet philosophers would agree most unanimously. Who, then, would convert whom to what?

Weaver's proposals for restoring "a world of metaphysical certitude" are three—namely, to rebuild in man the lost sense of sacredness upon its one surviving shred, the sacredness of private property; to cure the depravity of language by earnest study of poetry and rhetoric, logic and dialectic, and finally to rededicate ourselves to a sense of order and piety. Ways and means are foggy, but we gather that something like mass conversion, at once apocalyptic and purgatorial, will be necessary. That it will happen Mr. Weaver rightfully doubts, but at least under the gathering skies of wrath he is left with Jeremiah's solace of having told the world.

This book is a prime example of the half-naked yet pretentious thinking which one has come to associate with the scions of the Chicago school —that literary amateurism fed upon the classics in translation, scholasticism in dilution, and logic by hearsay. Mr. Hutchins himself is a good deal wiser and more sensible, but his protègés have an extraordinary habit of letting him down. Not, of course, that these opinions are uniquely localized. For example, T. E. Hulme, who died in the First World War and left in "Speculations" a work of influence upon T. S. Eliot and other traditionalists, has said the better part of Weaver's book before: the reality of sin, the virtue of *pietas*, the sense of tragedy, the exaltation of heroism and sacrifice, the hunger after absolutes; the heresies of the Renaissance, romanticism, and scientific nominalism; the distrust of optimism and progress, with open contempt for democracy and fastidious recoil from the "vulgar." But Hulme— who in turn gleaned his ideas from Pascal, Hobbes, Newman, Max Weber, G. E. Moore, Bergson, Sorel, and others—displayed an engaging sense of humor, and a humility which sometimes protected the bastions of his more advanced positions. These qualities are also worth cultivation.

Dixon Wecter is director of research at California's Huntington Library and author of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Edmund Burke and his Kinsmen," and "The Hero in America" (a collaboration).

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
MOZART, SYMPHONY No. 40 IN G MINOR. Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia MMV 727 (*3 plastic*)	The new Columbia plastic (black) gives full wide range of this recording, somewhat better than C. shellac even; quiet surfaces enhance it. But acoustically a bit dead; rather harsh peak in middle highs.	*AA—(plastic)*	With no fanfare (Victor) beat 'em to that) Columbia *begins plastic* pressing here, and auspiciously. An alive, musical performance, bit rough in the strings, beautifully clear as to instrumental details.
BRAHMS, QUARTET No. 3 IN B FLAT, OP. 67. Guilet Quartet. Vox 208 (4)	An unexpectedly fine quartet recording. Impression of wide range, brilliance; highs abt. 7,000 seem boosted (and bit distorted), upper highs actually aren't there—even so, musically a good sound. High level. wide dynamic range.	A to B+	A splendid, incisive, big performance, apparently a first recording, of this Beethoven-like, clear-cut Brahms. Quartet sounds as big as an orchestra. A very welcome recording.
MAHATMA GANDHI, HIS SPIRITUAL MESSAGE. (Gandhi in person.) Columbia 17523-D (1 10″)	Recorded in early 1930's. Easily intelligible, though somewhat fuzzy, range restricted to 5,000 or less.	B	*Gandhi sums up in gen.* terms his "reasons" for believing in a universal God. Well spoken.
DVORAK, NOTTURNO, OP. 40. Busch Chamber Players, Adolf Busch. Columbia 17513-D (1 10″)	Wide-range string recording, but smoother than the Busch Handel Concerti Grossi.	A	A nice bit of romantic string music to supplement anyone's Dvorak department.

PROGRESS ON THE CARTRIDGE FRONT

INTERIM NOTES: As predicted here, the new, light-weight non-crystal pickup cartridges (SRL May 24, Oct. 14, 1947) are spreading fast and with considerable effect upon the whole edifice of commercial phonography, thanks to their potentially great improvement in reproduction. The pickup, which for years has been the weakest link in most phonographs, now becomes the strongest link, and what with new and inexpensive speakers easily up to most of what these cartridges can give and new records also improved in both range and lack of distortion, there is bound to be continued change, whatever may be said in the pessimist department.

Important new items: (1) New models of both Webster and Garrard changers come alternatively with crystal or the GE cartridge ready-installed, at virtually the same price. (Preamplifier separate.) Webster has a replacement arm for older Webster changers, designed specifically for the GE or Pickering type cartridge and at a reasonable price. (2) The new cartridges have stimulated competitive developments in the still basically sound crystal pickup field. Wider range is one, but more important is the new attempt to reduce the moving mass of the "needle" and thus avoid resonance peaks, response to vertical vibrations, buzzy needle talk, distortions, all inherent in the standard large-needle crystals and mostly eliminated in the new non-crystals. The "Nylon" crystal has about the widest range (but not comparable to the GE); the "QT" crystal, with less range, is the likeliest development in the way of a tiny needle. It is not unlike the GE mechanically, but with the obvious advantage of a quickly replaceable special point. (3) To meet the replaceable-point objection, both GE and Pickering now offer diamond points, expensive, but well worth it for those who are sensitive to worn-needle sounds. "Permanent" sapphires last a remarkably short time, all things considered; the diamond may be something less than a luxury. (But keep away unless your pickup is light, your changer gentle!)

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HIGH TIDE

APRIL brings the high tide in spring books for boys and girls. It is an interesting and, in some ways, an exciting collection. The May number of Books for Young People will review, among other things, the story of Norway, by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, a new adventure of the delightful Mitchell family. by Hilda Van Stockum, Claire Huchet Bishop's "Blue Spring Farm," and a group of picture books. Their gaiety and color match the colors on the ladies' spring hats and the glimpse of pretty ruffled petticoats under the swirling skirts. In the Tennessee River Valley this reviewer had more than a glimpse of dozens of baby lambs with black faces and awkward legs, of as many baby pigs very pink and appealing. They dotted the fields, which were turning green so fast that one could almost see the tide of green sweeping over them. There were red tassels on the maple trees and the shad bushes were white with blossoms.

Spring is well along in Manhattan, too. The gentlemen who sell balloons and pin-wheels in Central Park are doing a brisk business and new leaves are beginning to hide the scars of the New Year's Day ice storm. In one of the public libraries there is going to be an exhibit for the children of "Rabbits in Literature." One is amazed at the number of rabbits that have been immortalized by artists and poets and storytellers. They range from Aesop and The Panchatantra to Robert Lawson's "Rabbit Hill." Nothing is too good or too precious to bring out this year in celebration of the end of winter. Exhibits of children's books for the spring of 1948 strike a note of hope and courage.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

JUANITA. Told and Pictured by Leo Politi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. *No paging.* $2.

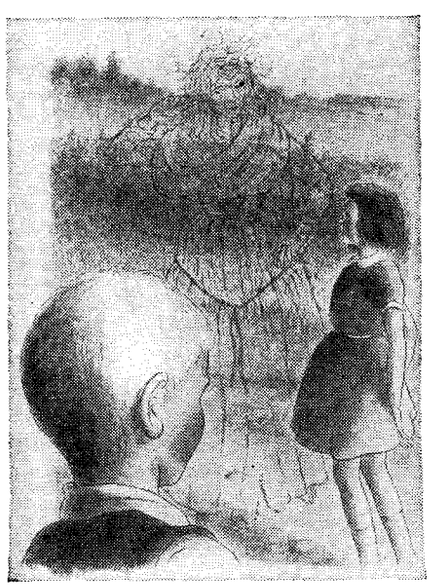
ON the day before Easter there is a blessing of the animals in Olvera Street in old Los Angeles. Leo Politi has never made lovelier pictures than those in this book that show this enchanting procession of children with their pets winding along Olvera Street. Little Juanita with her white dove, her wistful face, her pink linen dress that her mother has embroidered with tiny white flowers; Senora Carmela with her burro, who carries on one side a basket of flowers and on the other the Senora's latest baby; Ramon and Salina, who were always so kind to stray animals; Carlos with the "gentle, brick-red cow," who led the procession; dozens of children with their little goats and lambs and rabbits and roosters and puppies and kittens; the organ grinder and his monkey. Here they all are in soft, bright colors, sedate and serious, bringing their pets to be blessed by the padre of Olvera Street. The songs that they sing are here, with the music, even to the lullaby that Juanita's mother hums when the long, happy day is over. This is a picture book that can be given a place of honor on the spring list.

A CLUB OF SMALL MEN. By Colin McPhee. New York: The John Day Co. 1948.

THIS is a story about Bali. Some children will never have heard of Bali but the way the book is written it won't matter. The book doesn't begin with the story it's about but tells a little about Bali. It tells you slightly how a Balinese house is made when they build their club house. The beginning is not half as good as the middle and the end, but nobody should get discouraged when they read the introduction. It's about a boy meeting a stranger. The stranger is the author of the book and it is written as seen by the author. The plot is most interesting. It's about some boys who get together and start having clubs—all different clubs, kite flying, cricket fighting, and giving plays. Then they have their music clubs. They buy a beautiful orchestra, then they play at a temple feast, and later for the raja.

Children that are interested in geography and adventure and odd little true stories and the sort of book that doesn't sound as if it is true but is true will be interested in this book. It isn't meant for children who don't know how to read well for themselves because it has a lot of hard words to be explained. It's very exciting. I think it's a wonderful book, and I imagine that most readers will think so, too. CATHY BATESON.

The editor is glad to present a review of this book by Cathy Bateson, who is the daughter of Margaret Meade. Cathy is eight years old, and the book is dedicated to her.



—From "The Witch of Scrapfaggot Green."

THE WITCH OF SCRAPFAGGOT GREEN. By Patricia Gordon. Illustrated by William Pene Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

ALICE, the bulldozer with the American Army in England in 1944, inadvertently dug up the grave of a witch who had been buried at the crossroads some three hundred years before. Sergeant Bill Edwards, who owned Alice, couldn't understand all that followed, but the twins, Sam and Daisy, understood it perfectly. After all, the witch was an ancestor of theirs and looked remarkably like Daisy. She was interesting, even exciting, rather than frightening. They went with her out to the hill that was covered with daisies and played with her there. They even took her to the meeting in the village hall called by the mayor where the strange things that she had done to the village people—and to the American Army—were gravely discussed. There the witch sat between Sam and Daisy, although no one but the children could see her. The grown-ups could hear her, though, and what she said caused quite a commotion. It was Mr. Michael Sedgewick, the expert in psychic phenomena, who suggested that they bury her again at the crossroads, and it was Alice the bulldozer that moved the great stone back into its place as her tombstone. But her laughter was left on the hillside sloping down to the brook where the daisies grew. Sam and Daisy, and the

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village lovers, heard it ever afterward.

No one could be afraid of witches after reading this delightful story. It has all the charm of "Romany Luck" and all the humor of "The Boy Jones." It is a book for all the family, perfect for reading aloud and a treasure to possess for its story and for William Pene Du Bois' fine drawings.

APPLESEED FARM. By Emily Taft Douglas. Illustrated by Anne Vaughan. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1948. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS story, by the daughter of Lorado Taft, has Johnny Appleseed for its hero. It is a pioneer story for the younger boys and girls, and it tells of a New England family settled on "new land" in Indiana. In their first year drought destroys the crops, the youngest child dies, the mother fails in health and in courage. Then Johnny Appleseed comes to the farm. He persuades them to plant an orchard, and that orchard becomes the symbol of their struggle to make a home—and their ultimate success.

The story ends when little Ada Bartlett sees the first blossoms on the trees that Johnny Appleseed helped her father plant: "She was shaking out the damp cloths when a breeze brought her a whiff of something sweet. She glanced over her shoulder and saw the miracle. The apple trees had burst into bloom!"

The book is well bound and printed with end-papers showing the Bartlett farm. The illustrations are disappointing.

MARY MONTGOMERY, REBEL. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of a girl who was born on a Georgia plantation before the Civil War and lived during the tragic war years in Atlanta and, later, in the North. Mary is a heroine whom the older girls will instinctively like and trust. She has a quick temper and a lively imagination. She meets her troubles with courage and good sense. Her story sounds the tragic note that war always sounds. At this particular hour in the world's history the description of Atlanta in those long months when the Union Army laid siege to it is very real and very moving. Miss Daringer does not attempt to soften it. In the end it is the Yankee soldier whom Mary helped who leaves her the money to go on with her education at Miss Emma Willard's Female Academy. We leave her facing a new life—a "rebel" no longer. As in "Adopted Jane" the outstanding qualities in this book are understanding, honesty, and the power to create a character who lives and a scene that is convincing. As the younger girls welcomed "Adopted Jane" last fall so the older ones will welcome this fine story of a girl who met sorrow and hardship with her head high and her faith in life unshaken.

—From "River Dragon."

THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS: Legends of Canada. By Hilda Mary Hooke. Illustrated by Clare Bice. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1948. 223 *pp.* $2.50.

THESE legends are of the Canadian Indians, of the early settlers, and of Canadian saints and witches. They are told informally as though the author were telling them to an intimate audience. The language is colloquial, almost personal. For the local "old wives' tales" this is fairly successful, but for the Indian legends it is far less effective. They need dignity and rhythm. As a collection this book offers new material to storytellers and to lovers of folklore.

RIVER DRAGON. By Carl D. Lane. Drawings by Charles Banks Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 106 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is an unusually good story for younger boys and girls. It tells of the first steamboat, built to represent a dragon, that came up the Missouri River in the fall of 1819. Through the heroism of a young Indian boy, it is instrumental in saving his tribe, the Cheyenne, from a band of "bad" Indians. The characters are all convincing and the action exciting. It is illustrated with black-and-white drawings and has especially attractive end-papers.

APRIL SHOWERS. Compiled by Katherine Love. Illustrated by Gary MacKenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. *No paging.* $1.

THIS tiny book, printed in blue and green and a daffodil yellow, brings short poems of spring from Sara Teasdale, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Hilda Conkling, and Joyce Kilmer with some of the traditional short verses about rain and weather and a short quotation from the Song of Solomon. There is a picture for every page and a very attractive cover-jacket. It will make a choice gift for spring birthdays. Miss Love is the compiler of "A Pocketful of Rhymes."

ETHAN, THE SHEPHERD BOY. By Georgiana Dorcas Cedar. Illustrated by Helen Torrey. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1948. 96 *pp.* $2.

A STORY of the shepherd boy of Judea who gave his lamb to the Christ Child. There is a grave beauty in text and pictures. One gets through them a vivid sense of place and time.

YOUNG ROBIN BRAND, DETECTIVE. By Freeman Wills Croft. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

THE author of mystery stories widely read by adults has written his first book for boys and girls. It is exceedingly British and some of its terms will puzzle American children. On one page there are two terms that will probably bring raised eyebrows on this side of the Atlantic—"spinney" and "goods van." Solving their meaning from the context will form part of the puzzle that Mr. Crofts presents. It is a simple mystery. The small sister of one of the two boys is kidnapped, and they set out to rescue her with the help of the young nephew of the great Inspector French of Scotland Yard. All this is mixed up with a very heavy dose of an engineering project that the father of one of the boys is managing. There is so much of this that, in many places in the book, one is tempted to say: "Oh, do get on with it!" The characters, including the two boys, are types rather than people, and there is not one ray of humor. If Mr. Croft wants to build up readers among young people, he will have to do quite a bit better.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. M. Faulkner, in "A Terribly Strange Bed," by Wilkie Collins (1856). 2. Tom Corbin, in "The Inn of the Two Witches," by Joseph Conrad (1915). 3. Adeline Whiteoak, in "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. 4. Samkin Alyward, in "The White Company," by Conan Doyle. 5. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," by Eugene Field. 6. Procrustes, in Greek Myth. 7. "The True Princess and the Pea," by Grimm. 8. Mr. Mercaptan, in "Antic Hay," by Aldous Huxley. 9. Jared Otkar, in "One More Spring," by Robert Nathan. 10. Goldilocks.

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the Phoenix Nest

ANTHROPOS

FAR-STRETCHED from East to West,
God clove his general breast.

Widely sprawled North to South,
Unbelief wried his mouth.

Giant on glittering night,
Shadow limbs starred in light;

Minim of myriad sand,
Lost in the darkened land.

Space curved and time stood still
Trapped by his mind and will.

Beauty, terror, love he dreamed.
His loins with civilizations teemed.

Where his murder moon stood red,
Like dried ocean shoaled the dead.

When his sun roared up the blue,
Hugely the harvest grew.

Ape to his mirrored fear,
Boaster at God's great ear,

Yet his light soul as well
Hermes and Ariel

Snaring air's wave and ray,
Harking what rocks could say,

Peering where planets war,
Searching the atom's core.

Prodigy whisked and whirled
On an ephemerid world

Yet with the wit to see
Star-swarm and nuclei

Parts of a paradigm
Wrought within space and time

Since, with the void aflame,
Cosmos from chaos came.

W.R.B.

* * *

Mrs. Lucy Newell, of Napa, Calif., has this to say anent Norman R. Jaffray's recent animadversion on Landor:

And so does Untermeyer*
Think Landor's fading fire
And readiness to go betrayed a pose.
At eighty-nine, forsooth,
Our Walter told the truth.
And here's the way his last confession goes:

ON HIS NINTH DECADE

"To my ninth decade I have tottered on.
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She who once led me where she would is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready."

*"A Treasury of Great Poems."—Louis Untermeyer.

* * *

From Harlan M. Hungerford of Kent, Ohio, comes the following:

From *Time's* "Miscellany" for 23 Feb. 1948, I pick the following item, to which I append my own comment in limerick form:

"*Couture.* In Hollywood appeared a dress with a bustle that would light up when it was wiggled."

Il était une jeune fille, nommée Claire,
Qui possédait un énorme derrière;
On la percevait dans la noir
Seulement par ce promontoire,
Qui scintillait par sa propre lumière.

I am quite aware that the feet here are not strictly classical, but perhaps in dealing with matters callipygian some license may be allowed to the poetic form.

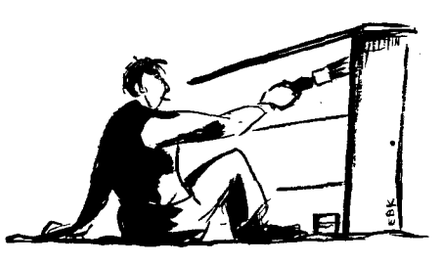
* * *

THOSE FOOTPRINTS AGAIN!

The Nest's nominee for the greatest literary somethingorother goes without question to Vladimir Yermilov, editor-in-chief of the *Literary Gazette* of the Soviet Union, who has pronounced the following sentence upon Dostoievsky:

> His works are being exploited widely and universally in the frenzied *campaign against man* undertaken by Wall Street's literary lackeys. And it is natural that this should be so, because Dostoievsky wasted the entire force of his talent on proving the weakness, insignificance, and vulgarity of human nature.

Thus a journalist pismire who would have drowned in one drop of Dostoievsky's honest sweat! I can make that kind of talk too! All you have to do is to beat your mind to a pulp with a big hooker of Stalin-worship. What nonsense it makes of literary criticism!



Well, apparently the tragic Edouard Benes still believes in freedom. But what do the overused words "freedom" and "democracy" mean abroad today? It certainly is a big laugh, if it weren't so bitter a guffaw.

The New York Times said it, though:

> The words freedom and democracy have been misused, but freedom still means that a man has a choice as to what he shall do and say, and not do and not say; and democracy still means rule by the will of the majority.

It's as simple as that, to us in America; and it isn't messed up with any dialectic. Under totalitarianism you have no choice; you say what the state says, or else; the rule is by an entrenched minority. It's as simple as that too.

* * *

Great stuff! People gone mad with ideas—like the extraordinary explication of the "scientific" Nazi dream that a character in that remarkable "Arrival and Departure" by Arthur Koestler gets off, with a great display of intellectual arrogance. All very well worked out. Except that it includes the mass-murder of a lot of people. The individual is of no importance, of no value. To one who attempts to be a Christian, like myself, the individual is, on the other hand, the most important thing in the universe. But the doctrine of the "toiling masses" has also become a doctrine of "purge" and "liquidation." It neatly includes a doctrine of murder—for those who disagree with you. Nice and neat. I hate it.

* * *

"Acts of pro-Russian consolidation," Henry Wallace calls the Soviet coups. "Acts of imperialist aggression and attacks on national sovereignty," they would be vituperatively called by the USSR, did we attempt such on this continent. What perfect bilgewater politicians do talk!

* * *

The Golden Rule will remain Man's greatest objective. It can't exist in any Communist-controlled country. For the Communists can never be wrong. And those who are wrong are dangerous and must be disposed of. It's rather like the old business of the Spanish Inquisition. You were so wrong to be a heretic that your soul would actually be saved if you were liquidated—beg pardon, tortured to death. Well, isn't it better to have your soul saved than to keep on living and being absolutely wrong? Which reminds me to recommend a fine book, "The Heretics" by Humphrey Slater. The author has real historical perspective.

William Rose Benet.

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(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 37)

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CHILDREN LOVE TO RECEIVE LETTERS! Windy Forrest, the Northwoodsman, will write 6 two-page personalized illustrated letters concerning his woodland adventures to 8 to 14-year-olds. Exquisitely done by noted author, illustrator and naturalist. $2.50 complete. Send names and addresses of your favorite youngsters and your "pet" name to Windy Forrest, Box 562, Ann Arbor, Mich.

NON-SPINISTER LIBRARIAN, Columbia University trained, seeks summer job not shelved among mummied authors. Box 599-Y.

BRITISH STUDENT, female, energetic, capable and intelligent, seeks interesting summer job anywhere in United States. Box 600-Y.

PROFESSOR, WIFE, two children seeks small, pleasant seaside resort, Southern California, summer. Box 601-Y.

WORKING GIRLS! Would you like someone to plan your dinners for you? Send $1 to Jean Benson, Merryall, New Milford, Conn., for 1 month's tasty economical and interesting dinner menus for two people complete with shopping lists.

SONG with most international possibilities. Already in many prominent catalogs. Scoring with many bands needs publisher. Box 602-Y.

HOUSE FOR SALE. Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. Small house, six rooms, beautiful view, swimming, two-thirds acre, rural setting, ideal for artist, or writer. Price $11,500. Croton 3779 or VAnderbilt 6-0094, N.Y.C.

TEACHER COUPLE desires summer employment in the country—tutor, companion, household, care of children. Experienced. Box 603-Y.

ESTABLISHED WRITER, wife, young son, desire attractive small summer residence near water within three hours N.Y.C. Reasonable. SAcramento 2-3655. Box 604-Y.

SHORE COTTAGE, Bayville, L. I. The place people like to come back to! Bathing, boating, fishing. Rooms, kitchen privileges. Box 297-Y.

WOMAN WRITER — critic-typist, desires position as traveling companion. Accomplished. Congenial. Cultured. Box 606-Y.

CAT, DOG, AND HORSE LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension. 12th season. Board and room $50 and $45. Only double rooms available. Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., until May 7.

COMPANION AND/OR TUTOR? Male, 20. Best education, references. Likes traveling, people, children. Good personality. Do anything, go anywhere. Why not write? Box 605-Y.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime—brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT- Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal Business assignments, representation undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

VERMONT SUMMER RENTAL. Old house delightfully remodelled—has brook cascading around it on two sides. Large living room (fireplace) and studio or game room (fireplace) are connected by spacious breezeway. Rural, aloof, unique, inviting. Rent reasonable. Write owner, Prop., Overlia Inn, North Bennington, Vermont.

WANT TO BE SHIPWRECKED THIS SUMMER on a beautiful river island with gay companions? Are you resourceful, imaginative, unpampered? Can you cope with complete informality? Owner wants to share her large house, piano, billiard table, and tennis court with five or six unstuffy people. Wonderful swimming, elusive bass, richly responsive gardens. $45 a week. Write for further information and interview. Box 568-Y.

MATURE WOMAN, living isolated area, interests photography, outdoors, books, good conversation, would correspond with mature man. Box 569-Y.

DID YOUR PHYSICIAN ever keep you waiting? What were the circumstances? What was your reaction? We offer 5c a published word for interesting and acceptable answers to these questions. Limit: 300 words. Send your letter to Medical Economics, Rutherford, N. J.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest City. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

PLANNING CAPE VACATION? The Modern Pilgrim's Guide to Cape Cod will add zest to plans, fun to trip. No advertising, no commercials—lowest-priced, unbiased guide. 75c from your bookseller or direct. Modern Pilgrim Press, Provincetown, Mass.

YOUR FACTFINDER: Investigating any problem in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches. Broad European-American experience. E. P. Hillpern, 14 East 80 St., N.Y.C. 21.

MALE WOULD WELCOME epistolary attachment to apron strings of intelligent, charming young female. Box 565-Y.

FULLY MODERN COTTAGE, "far from the madening crowd" for rent for the summer. Call LEhigh 4-8823, after 7 P. M., N.Y.C.

CONTINENTAL WOMAN, cultured, sense of humor, wishes to correspond with intelligent man of integrity and broad view. Box 566-Y.

YOUNG GAG-WRITER for several nationally known cartoonists will correspond with other young gag-writers (either sex). Box 567-Y.

FOR RENT: FIVE-ROOM APARTMENT with private porch. $150 month. Adults only. North Yonkers, N. Y. In replying, please give social and financial references. Box 619-Y.

YOUNG LADY, former researcher—U. S. Delegates; U. N. background, economics, social council matters. Experience OWI, Christian Science Monitor, desires interesting position, N.Y.C. Box 618-Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 733

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

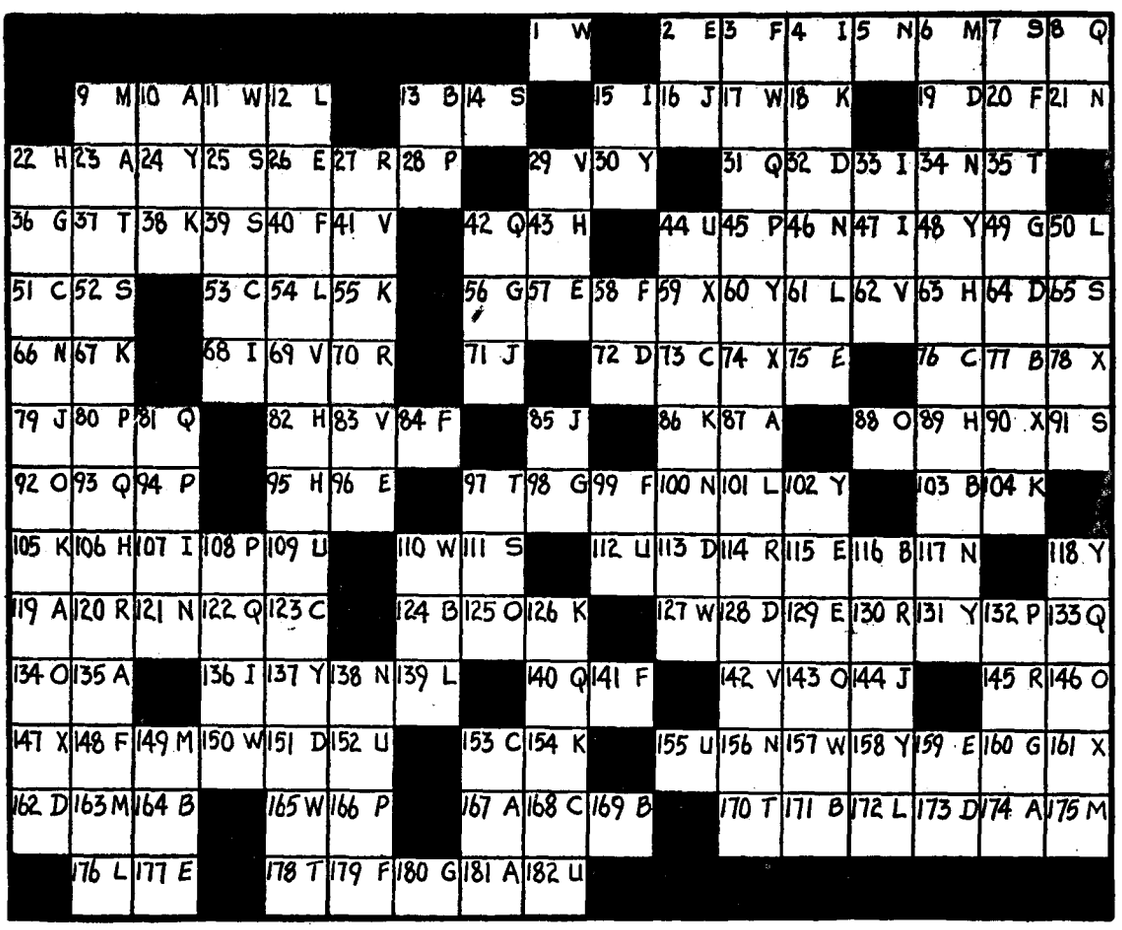
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hook-shaped.	10 181 87 23 135 174 167 119
B. Cannel coal or carbonaceous schist.	13 103 171 169 164 116 124 77
C. A race of reputed ancient giants inhabiting Palestine (Bib.).	73 123 76 168 53 153 51
D. Equipped.	128 113 162 72 32 64 151 173 19
E. That which gives strength and energy.	129 26 177 75 2 115 96 57 159
F. A drug addict (slang, two wds.).	84 148 99 40 141 20 3 58 179
G. To remove as by cutting out.	180 98 56 36 49 160
H. The largest nerve in the body.	43 63 89 82 95 106 22
I. To number and detail for special duty (mil., two wds.).	33 107 4 47 15 136 68
J. Great serpent who leads the daily onslaught of darkness demons vs. the sun (Egypt. myth.).	71 16 144 79 85
K. Series of Civil War battles, June 25-July 1, 1862 (McClellan vs. Lee).	154 126 105 67 18 55 86 104 38
L. Seaport in Italy on south side of Naples Bay.	101 176 172 61 139 54 12 50
M. Outward (anat.).	6 149 9 163 175

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. An eastern province of the Dominion of Canada.	156 46 66 121 21 117 100 138 5 34
O. African weaverbirds of subfamily "Viduinae".	88 125 92 146 134 143
P. Any monkey of the genus "Alouatta".	45 166 108 80 132 28 94
Q. An inequality of the moon's orbital motion due to the attraction of the sun (astron.).	8 31 81 133 122 42 140 93
R. Florentine sculptor in terra cotta (1437-1528; bambini medallions).	70 27 120 114 130 145
S. A rooting out.	52 7 39 91 25 65 111 14
T. The dominion of Lord Ronald in a poem by Scott, 1815.	178 37 35 97 170
U. Drinks a mug of liquor at one draft.	182 44 155 112 152 109
V. Sonorous.	142 29 83 69 62 41
W. Imitative in color or form (zool.).	11 127 150 110 17 165 1 157
X. Fourth part of the "Corpus Juris Civilis" (Roman law).	161 78 147 74 90 59
Y. One who holds to a doctrine of despair in matters of country, books, etc.	118 48 30 102 137 60 158 24 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue

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Ideas Have Consequences

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES: ". . . irresponsible piece of writing . . . I call it irresponsible . . . I have said this writing seems to me irresponsible."

THE NATION: ". . . merely trivial . . . flatly self-contradictory."

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES: "A poor book . . . a case-book in crooked thinking."

P. A. SOROKIN: "I welcome Mr. Weaver's book as a variation of the themes of my Social and Cultural Dynamics and the Crisis of Our Age."

MELVIN RADER: "Richard Weaver has written a stinging challenge to complacency, scientism, easy-going democracy, and relativism in morals and metaphysics. He is not just an ordinary reactionary but a deep-probing diagnostician of the cultural diseases of our age. Although I disagree with most of his diagnosis, and I have far too much respect for democracy and science to agree with his main conclusions, I admire the eloquence and profundity of his argument for conservatism."

C. E. AYRES: "This is the ideology of the Big Lie."

DIXON WECTER: "This book is a prime example of the half-baked yet pretentious thinking which one has come to associate with the scions of the Chicago school—that literary amateurism fed upon the classics in translation, scholasticism in dilution, and logic by hearsay."

CHARNER PERRY: ". . . a literary sermon . . . the ideology of the book is irrelevant."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR: "A profound diagnosis of the sickness of our culture. It will be shocking to many moderns."

JOHN ABBOT CLARK: "One of the classics of the 20th Century."

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER: ". . . one of America's foremost thinkers. He has written a book which all literate Americans should study."

CLEANTH BROOKS: "A brilliant and sustained attack on the muddled relativism of our age—the morally limp and shallow state of mind that insulates us against wisdom."

THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN: "An indictment of the futilities of glib and wordy liberalism . . . Important and timely . . . written for people who think. . ."

JOHN CROWE RANSOM: "Richard Weaver's book is important; his explanation of the breakdown of modern man is the best in years."

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL: "The major importance of IDEAS HAVE CONSEQUENCES can hardly be overstated."

DONALD DAVIDSON: "I would not know whom to name, in our time, as his superior, and I could think of few, outside the poets and sages, to equal him."

R. A. TSANOFF: ". . . a very searching exploration of many corrupting influences in our civilization."

PAUL TILLICH: "This book will be hated and attacked. . ."

By RICHARD M. WEAVER

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